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The Week

ON the back of every food card issued to German children who were the innocent victims of the war the following statement appeared: "This food is contributed by Americans and is distributed through the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers), who for the period of 250 years have held that love and goodwill and not war and hatred would bring about better world conditions." Beginning with this week cards bearing similar inscriptions will be distributed to children and women with babies in certain centres in West Virginia and Pennsylvania where industrial strife has brought tuberculosis and malnutrition in its train. The American Friends Service Committee have decided to carry their message of love and goodwill wherever strife breeds hatred and inflicts suffering upon the innocent. They have watched with growing concern the tragic consequences of industrial war in West Virginia and the more far-reaching menace of the nation-wide struggle in the coal fields. The Friends have discovered scores of children suffering from tuberculosis due to malnutrition and hundreds of children without necessary food in families dependent upon the coal industry. Regardless of the technical merits of the present controversy they hold that Christian people cannot honorably sit by and see people starve; that warfare whether international, civil or industrial, should never be allowed to progress to the point where there is a possibility that children will be dwarfed in mind and body for life. The Friends Service Committee have therefore decided to carry into the coal fields the message of love and goodwill and the tested methods of relief which during the past years have done so much to allay both suffering and hatred in Europe. With a keen sense of the difficulties of their task they have exercised great care in the selection of a competent field personnel. This week they begin work at certain points in Pennsylvania and West Virginia where the need is most exigent. They will extend their service to other centres in these states and to other states just as rapidly as the receipt of funds permits. The Friends are again proving themselves pioneers in the practical exemplification of Christian idealism. They should have the generous support of all men and women of goodwill. The headquarters of the American Friends Service Committee is at 20 South 12th St., Philadelphia.

AT HERRIN, in the Illinois mine field, strike breakers in the employ of the Southern Illinois Coal Company were attacked and nineteen of them were killed, many of them in circumstances of extreme brutality after they had surrendered. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict "that the death of the decedents was due to the acts direct or indirect of the officials of the Southern Illinois Coal Company." This verdict undoubtedly represents local public opinion, which is strongly union, but it tells but a small part of the story. Granting that the Coal Company was criminally careless and dishonorable in risking the lives of ignorant men in its quarrel with its employees, the responsibility does not end here. The very unanimity of union sentiment in the community placed upon the unions a special duty of maintain-

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ing order. The local leaders of the strike should have handled the situation, or, in event of their incompetence, the state or national leaders should have assumed control. If a labor union is to be protected in the right to strike it must obviously restrain its members at least within the limits of civilized warfare.

THERE is a third party to the guilt of the murder of these victims of social war. It is that entity which appears in court invariably as the plaintiff—the people. "The people," in spite of its addiction to judicial proceedings, is frequently lawless. In southern Illinois it is notably so. It may or may not be true, as asserted by one of the strike-breakers who escaped, that the killing after surrender was not done by union miners, but by hoodlums. In any case the behavior of the mob, whether its members bore union cards or not, bears striking likeness to that of the same beast which attacked Negroes first in Springfield and later in East St. Louis. And in the case of Herrin there was the same failure of the state authorities to afford protection. Politics runs deep and high in southern Illinois. There is a reluctance on the part of the state administration to encounter local hostility by interference. The failure of Governor Small in this respect is no worse than that of Governor Lowden at East St. Louis. And if no troops were sent to Herrin, at least the world was spared the spectacle of men in uniform standing idly by while the mob beat, burned and tortured its victims to death.

THE assassination of Rathenau is a disaster to Germany and to Europe. It has visibly reduced the chances of a peaceful settlement of the European disorders. Rathenau was the ablest statesman of republican Germany. He was the strongest defender of the republic against royalist reaction on the one hand and a communism associated with Moscow on the other hand. He recognized fully the circumstances in which Germany had been placed by her defeat in war, and labored more untiringly than any other German to find a modus vivendi under which Germany might meet the reparations obligation laid upon her at Versailles. Not even the French nationalists questioned his good faith. He never indulged in promises that were impossible of fulfillment, but under his agreement with Loucheur France was given a better assurance of substantial reparations than she had ever had before. If the French statesmen had exhibited equally good faith the French and German nations might now be drawing steadily closer together in their efforts to repair the losses of the war. But the industrial and financial interests centring in the Creusot works, with their militaristic associations, had no disposition to permit German industry actually to discharge an important part of the reparations obligation. They had other uses for that obligation, as a moral basis for perpetual intervention.

A DIRECT relation between French policy and the killing of Rathenau cannot be established. Nevertheless the removal of Rathenau was to be expected and was in fact long expected, as a consequence of the failure of his policy of treaty fulfillment to produce any relaxation of the Allied measures of strangulation. To shallow minded German nationalists Rathenau appeared to be bartering away the fruits of national labor for nothing. The case paralleled that of Erzberger, killed less than a year ago for seeking to impose capital taxes, in the interest of a fulfillment policy. Any German statesman who tries to carry out the treaty without securing in return some assurance that Germany will be permitted to live will be assassinated. The French did not wish Rathenau ill, but his removal falls in well with their nationalistic ambitions. A few more assassinations, and the republican government will break down. There will be a monarchist coup d'état, followed by a plunge toward communism. France will have to intervene to restore order and hold the Ruhr, while making her arrangements for the permanent retention of the Rhine province. If the British are not pleased with the prospect of a militaristic France extending to the Rhine and a communistic internationalism extending from the Rhine to the Urals, they had better put aside their policy of waiting and muddling, and come out for definite and tolerable arrangements with the German republic. It may yet be saved, although it is late.

CONSUMERS of manufactured goods have reason to regret that the quarrel between manufacturers and importers over the tariff came so promptly to an end. It looked as if a lot of truth about middlemen's profits was going to be exposed to the weather. Articles costing a dollar in Germany sold for ten dollars here; articles costing twenty cents here sold for five dollars; such items of information, if we had more of them, might shake the consumers out of their lethargy. For there is a way of drawing the relations of consumers and producers so close together that profits mounting to thousands percent would be excluded. That way is through cooperation. If we had a widely ramified cooperative movement, representatives in Congress would hardly have the nerve to treat the tariff as a private quarrel between manufacturers and importers. Their constituents would realize at once just where the tariff shoe was bound to pinch.

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FOR a nation which would behave like an empire the United States is peculiarly unfortunate in the men whom it sends beyond the sea to do its imperial will. Honest empire builders as they are, they are crude in technique. To Governor Reily in Porto Rico, and High Commissioner Russell in Haiti there must be added B. H. Clarke, acting government secretary at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. Mr. Clarke undertakes to justify to the American Civil Liberties Union the muzzling of the native press on the subject of the atrocities of United States Marines in Haiti. He denies that the constitutional right of freedom of the press extends to a colonial possession. In Mr. Clarke's opinion the constitution does not follow the flag. He defends the "control of a radical press" in a community "where the people have not had the advantage of long residence under American institutions," but refuses to allow American institutions to be planted in that community. He speaks of "doctrines inimical to American interests" (meaning the occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo), which are precisely the doctrines enunciated by President Harding from his porch at Marion. And thus this imperial parasite caricatures the behavior of his imperial chief, who has swallowed his campaign indignation, forgotten his promises and broken his word, quite in the imperial manner.

ONE of the charges against Attorney General Daugherty to which we have seen no reply is that of using his office to nullify the Volstead act by quashing proceedings against its violators. We imagine that with the Attorney General's background and antecedents it seems like a natural exercise of good fellowship and good sportsmanship to let up on a friend's friend who was running in a little booze for the ultimate benefit of good fellows and good sports in general. Who is hurt by it? But here comes the proprietor of the Hotel Claridge, according to the New York Herald, to complain that "the unequal enforcement of the Volstead act by prohibition officers" has driven him out of business. While the restaurants are flagrantly violating the law, a hotel which obeys it necessarily goes to the wall. Whether or not the Attorney General connives at violation of the law the fact remains that he does not enforce it. If he is doing his utmost to enforce it, it is unfortunate that by virtue of his general reputation he should be so obnoxious to the charge of conniving at its violation. This is the situation which was foreseen when President Harding appointed his political nurse to be the head of the legal department of the United States.

An American Policy on Russia

WHAT French policy would do to Russia, if it were generally adopted by the western nations, is so obvious that it scarcely needs to be stated. The French demand that the Soviet government acknowledge all the debts that the Tsar's government saddled upon the country, in preparation for war and in the conduct of the war. They demand the unconditional restoration of alien owned properties. And they offer in return absolutely nothing, not even full recognition. They know that the Soviet government will not do business on such terms, and they do not wish it to do business. They are out for the overthrow of that government and the restoration of some sort of Russian monarchy.

What British policy would do is less obvious. The British have every reason to seek to get Russia back into the circle of world trade, and they are good enough merchants to be willing to pay a price for it. The Soviet government wants extensive credits, to rehabilitate its railways, and set in motion the factories it has nationalized. The British are too well acquainted with the actual conditions of Russian economic life to be under any illusions as to the practicability of a prompt industrial rehabilitation, even if the credits could be found. Russia was weak in technically trained managers and skilled workmen even before the war. Most of those she had at that time have been killed or weaned of their industrial habits. The present problem is one of building up an industrial personnel out of a mass of unskilled workers, and that is not a problem that can be solved in a day, even with unlimited credits. If the British grant credits, it will be on the pledge of exploitable natural resources—the oil of Baku, the forests of northern Russia, the platinum and gold of the Urals and Siberia. Once the British have taken such pledges, the national economic interest will be engaged in defending the régime which granted them.

French policy and British policy are alike in this respect: both tend toward intervention, the one, to overthrow the Soviet government, the other to maintain it. Both policies are egoistic, and neither is visibly concerned with the welfare of the Russian people, although, as the case stands, French policy has in store more disaster and agonies for the Russian people than the British policy. (If America had to adopt the one policy or the other, the British policy would be far preferable.) But is there the slightest reason why America should not develop a policy of her own? We think not. America has already the germ of a policy, in the

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American Relief, and a statesman who is capable of working out that policy, in Mr. Hoover. The policy ought to be one which would weave direct and mutually advantageous relations between the Russian and the American peoples, without attempting either to overthrow the Soviet government or to sustain it.

Let us recall the forebodings that were expressed by both conservatives and radicals when Mr. Hoover undertook the organization of famine relief. Conservatives feared that relief would serve only to maintain the Red Army; or if it were not actually diverted from its purposes, it would nevertheless strengthen the Soviet government morally by the tacit recognition it involved. Radicals feared that relief would be manipulated to aid the counter-revolutionaries. Neither fear has been justified by the event. No one can say that the Soviet government is either stronger or weaker than it would have been if there had been no American relief work. Between five and ten million lives have been saved, and a sentiment of friendship has been established between two nations that had been drawing apart in mutual fear and suspicion. Mr. Hoover accomplished these results, as he accomplished similar results in Belgium, by sticking close to the business in hand. He did not try to apply the leverage of relief to attain objects extraneous to it. Therefore he succeeded, and his name will go down in the textbooks as that of the one man in history who saved as many lives as Napoleon destroyed.

Now, we believe that on the same principle of sticking to the business in hand Mr. Hoover is capable of working out a Russian policy which will restore production and trade without interfering in any way in the internal political arrangements of Russia. Such a policy would, of course, recognize that Russia is almost wholly an agricultural country and that nine-tenths of reconstruction consists in getting the peasants to produce their maximum. But they will do this only if they have the means of production and the rewards of effort. That is, they must be provided with seed grain, where necessary, and with agricultural tools and machinery, and they must be given an opportunity to exchange their surplus for goods they need, and for real values, not paper rubles. What is more, they must receive a considerable part of these goods in advance of production, notably seed grain and machinery. And a great part of the goods must be imported, because Russian industry, never well developed, is now flat and will remain flat for years, no matter what political régime is established.

The problem is one of creating direct relations between the Russian agricultural producer and the industrial producer in Russia, America and Western Europe. By what machinery? Russia had, before the Revolution, a cooperative organization which included one-fifth of the entire population. That organization was taken over by the Soviet government and extended to practically the whole population. It lost by its enforced assimilation to bureaucracy more than it gained by reaching increased numbers. But its personnel was in no great measure dispersed, and is apparently drawing together again, now that the new economic policy has restored the autonomy of the movement. In principle it has been given freedom of export and import. America could enormously strengthen the movement by making it a primary condition of recognition of Russia that such privileges in principle be made privileges in practice and by inserting into the personnel of the movement an American contingent of efficient administrators.

But who would supply the goods on credit to an association of cooperative societies in Russia? Once the association had its legal position established by agreement between the Russian and American governments, its right to buy and sell, to import and export guaranteed, it would command considerable credit resources of its own. If at first it could not appeal to American exporters, it could appeal to the Germans and the British and Italians, who have to live, nowadays, on business that is far from gilt edged. And if such transactions offer no immediate gain to America, there is an ultimate gain we can not ignore, the improvement in the whole tone of European industry.

To work out direct relations with the agricultural populations through the cooperative organizations ought to be the first point in our Russian policy. There are no serious obstacles to that, in the divergence of Russian principles from our own. A second point is the restoration of the transportation system. What the Soviet government would like is extensive credits for the purchase abroad of rolling stock and rails. It will not get such credits from America, or, we think, anywhere else, except possibly in return for exploitative concessions Russia ought not to grant. But if the Soviet government is freed from the menace of attack, as it would be with recognition, a great deal of rolling stock now used to carry regiments about could be applied to civil purposes. In these days of slack production America could afford to lend Russia a few thousand engineers and technically trained machinists. They would go far toward helping to restore transportation facilities.

Industrial production in Russia raises somewhat more difficult questions. There is a considerable

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industrial plant surviving the ravages of war and revolution. It is not being operated, or it is operated only sporadically and inefficiently. It is repeatedly admitted by Soviet spokesmen that Russia does not possess the trained personnel required for the efficient operation of this plant. Hence the offers of "concessions" to foreigners, promising them good profits if they will take over the plant and operate it. We conceive that the most satisfactory plan of handling most of the industrial plant would be to turn it over to the cooperatives, strengthened as they would be under the conditions we have outlined. They operated a number of factories successfully during the first phase of the Revolution. In so far as the factories were foreign owned before nationalization, compensation for the foreign interests involved would be both good international morals and good policy for Russia, and ought to be insisted upon in any American negotiations with Russia. And so long as the Soviet government has no resources with which to pay for such foreign owned plant, it might reasonably be expected to return it to its original owners, under the condition that within a given period of time they should put the plant into operation, and with the right reserved to the Soviet government to take it back as soon as it can find the means to pay for it. Foreign owned industrial plant is a small factor in Russian economic life, but whatever its significance, America could not be a party to its confiscation, as she would be if she entered into association with a cooperative system which rested in part upon confiscated foreign property. The same methods could be applied to exploitative enterprises like oil, timber, etc.

On such conditions as the foregoing America could afford to do business with the Soviet government, and recognize it. The Soviet government could afford to accept the conditions. They would not strengthen it, as a great loan might, but neither would they weaken it, on the political side. They would represent a drifting away from the communistic principle, but only toward the cooperative principle. And with the latter principle any Russian government will have to make terms sooner or later.

Under such a plan the way would be clear for technically trained men interested in a great problem of production to enlist in an organization for the aid of Russia. Mr. Hoover would only need to hang out his banner to attract a host of young men eager to serve. There never has been any want of able men to serve in the relief organization, and a productive organization could be made more attractive to those who wish to perform a real service to their fellow men.

Republicans in the Sargasso Sea

THE approach of the fall elections, which should be a signal for closing up party ranks into fighting formation, finds increasing chaos in the Republican camp and deepening gloom among its leaders. Despite the effort to conceal it, the breach between the President and Congress is widening. Mr. Harding has had to give way on the ship subsidy bill and is deadlocked on the bonus. He can get nothing done without making it a party measure, and summoning to his aid all the shibboleths of group loyalty. He is like a physician who adminsters his strongest medicines early in the course of a disease; when the crisis comes, he will find himself empty handed. The loss of control toward which he is drifting rapidly may prove as complete as Mr. Wilson's; and will be as serious in its consequences, since the thwarted weak man always resorts to violent remedies to get his own way.

Of the three chief measures on the administration program, only the tariff seems sure of fairly solid Republican support. The other two are in serious danger, and that danger will be increased if the members of Congress make any real attempt during the next few weeks to learn, and to be guided by, the wishes of their constituents.

The sickness within the Republican party goes much deeper than a quarrel between the White House and the Capitol. The most zealous partisan must admit that the record of the administration's first two years is bad and the prospect for the next two, worse. It is Mr. Harding's misfortune, not his fault, that after campaigning on a platform which promised to restore prosperity, the day of his triumphant election should have seen the beginning of one of the worst industrial depressions in our history, a depression which despite the periodic optimistic statements of business leaders, still continues. The party has plenty of its own sins to bear; and must also carry the burden of resentment from farmers bankrupted by falling prices, laboring men out of work or forced to accept wage reductions, manufacturers and retailers who find hard times doubly painful because their standard is the fictitious prosperity of 1918. The promised economy in operation of the government is a dismal failure; taxation has been reduced only in the case of a little group at the top, and with a deficit of nearly half a billion in prospect, hope of further downward revision of taxes must be abandoned, even without considering the additional burdens of ship subsidy and bonus.

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All these matters, as well as the stench of the Newberry case, have played a part in the revolt against existing Republican leadership which has manifested itself in Pennsylvania, Indiana and Iowa and is known to exist to an unusual degree in other states. This revolt does not mean a return to the principles of 1912 progressivism. It is a protest without a program. Indeed it is probably true that with the decadence of the Non-Partisan League, the almost complete paralysis of the American Socialist party, and the rapid abandonment of communism in Russia, programs will be out of favor for some time to come. When the extremists abandon their doctrinaire ideas, the Liberals are not likely to cling to formulae. Until the pendulum swings the other way, "men, not measures" will be the rallying cry.

But the fact that the discontent within its own ranks is still inchoate does not make the danger to the Republican organization any the less. Its moral credit is being dissipated so rapidly that it will be bankrupt long before 1924 unless through the shift of circumstance it can discover new tasks for itself which it is not afraid to tackle—as it is, for example, the whole problem of the production and distribution of coal. The commitments of the Harding administration are essentially conservative in character; and about everything that can be undertaken in aid of "the substantial business interests" has already been initiated; indeed, half the troubles of the administration are due to that very fact.

There is a deeper reason for the disintegration of the party since November, 1920. The victory was so overwhelming, so far beyond the expectations of the leaders that it was demoralizing. The party is like a poor man suddenly endowed with a million dollars: its fibre has gone slack with the demolition of its opponents. In the flush of success, it has apparently seemed unnecessary to make even a pretence of carrying out the pre-election promises. It has been equally impossible to make the Republicans in Congress feel that they must exhibit the dynamic morality of good works as well as the static morality of belonging to the party with the majority of seven millions. A husband is always the last to learn of his wife's infidelity; the man who has just been elected is the one least likely to realize that constant wooing is necessary to prevent the alienation of the voters' affection. The Republican leaders, who have displayed such worldly-wise sophistication in refusing to recognize that their majority meant an obligation as well as an opportunity, will prove themselves too clever by half if they assume that the people of this country are unable to note the difference, of which, Heaven knows, the voters have had experience enough in the past.

If the people's memory were only long enough, no party could ever be returned to power at all. Luckily for the politicians, our disgust with Tweedledee this year causes us to forget the hatred we felt toward Tweedledum a few years ago, when we threw him out and put his brother in his place. Tweedledee is making a dreadful mess of things, we say; Tweedledum now promises reforms. Vote for Tweedledum! If the criticism of the Republican Tweedledee has not yet reached a height which justifies the Democratic Tweedledum in pleasant anticipations of the next election, it should, nevertheless, be a serious warning to the Republican leaders that their stock is going down; and that the more seriously the country observes their administration as at present conducted, the further down it will go.

Ireland: A Faith on Trial

THERE is no more disheartening period in the experience of a faith on trial than that which succeeds a settlement by compromise. Theoretically the spiritual value of compromise is great. Both parties to a contest have given up extreme views and have met on middle ground with humble hearts and clear vision to cooperate in a settlement in which both have equal interest and pride. It is "peace without victory". But practically the immediate outcome is not always so happy. In the first place a compromise settlement is likely to fail of unanimous acceptance by either party. There is danger that it will detach from each side a determined minority of "bitter enders," whose hatred of the settlement will equal their hatred of each other; and at the same time that the compromisers themselves, relaxed from the tension of battle and weakened by the secession of the more aggresive factions, may lack the necessary energy to work the settlement to which they have agreed.

Of all this the present situation in Ireland affords ample illustration. It would be vain to deny that the events of the last few months have been a stumbling block to those whose faith in human nature and reason led them to hope against hope during the long negotiations which preceded the signing of the treaty. In the weariness that succeeds every new manifestation of the immortality of the Irish question there is a temptation to accept the easy verdict that the Irish have fulfilled the old prediction that freedom from external contest would mean freedom to destroy themselves by

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internal quarrels. There is a temptation to acquiesce in the dogma of a black fate hanging over Ireland and blasting every hope in the moment of its fulfillment, a belief which receives confirmation from the atrocious murder of Sir Henry Wilson.

Such despair, however, is premature in the presence of the facts. It must be remembered that the settlement arrived at by the treaty was a compromise and subject to the practical limitations which inevitably attend settlement by compromise. The whole course of negotiations between the British and the Irish turned upon two points, unity and self-determination. For unity, i. e. the inclusion of North East Ulster in the settlement, the Irish were willing to modify their demand for complete independence typified by the republic. The English were unable to grant this inclusion outright, and thus gave a basis for Mr. de Valera's campaign against the treaty. The essential condition of Irish unity not accepted, he refused to haul down the Republican flag. Meanwhile the inept and clumsy partition of Ireland has greatly increased feeling on both sides of the border. It appears to Ulster as a threat of ultimate absorption in a united Ireland; to the South as a threat of permanent division, with the disastrous inclusion of counties predominantly Catholic within the northern fragment. Not only has the partition caused new friction along the border; it has increased the tension between Protestants and Catholics within Ulster itself. There the campaign of murder and reprisal has gone on with so little effort to stop it on the part of Sir James Craig and his government as to lead to the suspicion that they were not unwilling to furnish this support to the campaign of Mr. de Valera against the treaty in the South. Sir Henry Wilson was shot as a direct result of lending himself to this vendetta in Ulster, by acting as military adviser to the Ulster government and becoming sponsor for a policy of military conquest of South Ireland.

But in the face of the most exasperating difficulties, the British and Irish treaty makers have continued their struggle for peace. The British have exhibited praiseworthy forbearance. They have apparently recognized that the present difficulties grew out of the nature of the compromise itself. Their support of the claims of Ulster destroyed the original platform of the Irish movement and they realized that the Irish negotiators were carrying back to Ireland but half a loaf. Particularly has their forbearance been manifest in the averting of their eyes from the agreement between Mr. de Valera and Mr. Collins. This agreement is called by the New Statesman an abrogation of the treaty, but it was necessary to prevent civil war in the South of Ireland. The British government showed good sense in recognizing this necessity and in trusting to the essential good faith of Mr. Collins.

On the other hand, the members of the Provisional Government in Ireland have exhibited extraordinary patience in dealing with the recalcitrant Republicans. They have borne the imputation of weakness in putting up with the revolt of the Republican army rather than exasperate political passions by new violence. The spectacle of an Irishman turning the other cheek is sufficiently incredible, without adding the personal detail that the Irishman in question is Michael Collins.

The most remarkable exhibition of self-control on the part of the Irish, however, was in connection with the advance of British troops against the Irish Republican army at Pettigo on the border. This attack took place at the very moment of conference between the Irish Provisional Government and English representatives concerning the delicate matter of the Collins-de Valera agreement. Every friend of Ireland held his breath as the news came that Irish Republican soldiers had fallen under British fire on Free State soil. Yet the crisis passed. With patience and skill Griffith, Collins and their colleagues brought about working agreements with the Republicans and with the British. Their tactics have shown a complete realization of the problems of compromise, and a supreme confidence in the ability of Ireland to work out those problems to the ultimate ends of unity and self-determination. They have been justified to the extent that at the election just held a decisive majority of their fellow countrymen of Southern Ireland have voted with them to accept the treaty.

The opportunity to test the treaty as a practical working arrangement has been achieved; the final test of the faith of those who have steadily believed in Ireland is at hand. Is it possible that the insane act of two young fanatics, and the tragic death of an older one will be permitted to destroy this fair prospect? Will the mutual forbearance, understanding and cooperation, which have marked the effort on the part both of responsible English and Irish to work out their relation, go down before a storm of popular fury? We cannot think it. The death of Sir Henry Wilson, like the deaths of O'Callaghan and MacSwiney, affords one warning the more of the urgency of peace. It is sometimes expedient that one man die for a nation; but it cannot be that a nation will die, the scapegoat for the death of a single man.

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The Reds of the A. F. of L.

THE convention of the American Federation of Labor at Cincinnati closed with the old guard triumphant in the forty-first election of Samuel Gompers and the rout of the "reds." To be "red" in the Labor movement signifies three things. It is to believe in the organization of labor in larger units than those of the single crafts, to urge political action on the part of labor, and to have some sympathy with Russia. Another test was introduced into the recent convention by the vote of the conservatives to investigate the Federated Press.

As to the first point, it has long been the aim of constructive statesmen of labor to transcend the craft union, which is the basis of the American Federation, and achieve the organization of entire industries in such bodies as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, or the formation of one big union. It is pointed out in support of this view that the craft unions tend to minute division of function and consequent inefficiency and waste; that jealousy among the various allied crafts prevents labor from showing a single front; that the local craft unions are readily controlled by labor bosses who maintain their position by violence; and that these leaders are frequently in corrupt collusion with employers to the demoralization of the entire industry. Nowhere have the vices of craft unionism received such ample illustration as in the building trades of large cities like New York and Chicago. The Lockwood Committee of New York with Mr. Untermyer's assistance last year revealed the maze of graft and crime in which the housing industry was then astray. Conditions in Chicago are at present as bad as the worst in New York. Where the clothing workers, through their amalgamation in one union conspicuous for its enlightened and disinterested leadership, have been able to make distinct contributions to the general stabilization and economic conduct of a great industry, the organization of the building trades by crafts has presented the spectacle of an equally great industry mercilessly ridden by criminals and crooks who by a mixture of corruption and terror rule over their followers like despots and levy blackmail and tribute like robber barons. But the craft union is the basis of the A. F. of L. and any larger policy is disturbing to the vested interests which control that organization.

This is understandable, but why should the craft union and Samuel Gompers' leadership possess a measure of support with the outside public? The truth is that press and public opinion have been guided by the interests which dread the power of labor, to support a system which affords so many opportunities for labor to weaken and discredit itself. Some weeks ago Mr. William Z. Foster made a proposal to amalgamate the building trades of Chicago. So urgent was the crisis that Mr. Gompers himself hastened to Chicago to deal with it. The Tribune carried an account of the meeting of the Chicago A. F. of L. with a terrific denunciation by Gompers of Foster's proposal—but on close scrutiny it appeared that this diatribe was not delivered from the platform but was communicated off-stage to a receptive reporter. The plan was defeated in Chicago; and every proposal tending toward a more essential unity of labor than can be achieved by federation was voted down at Cincinnati.

As to the other issues, in spite of the recent court decisions by which the very right of labor to organize is threatened, the convention showed no approval of political action. The vote to investigate the Federated Press was in effect a vote of censure of this attempt to give to the labor movement the unity which comes from information and intelligence. It is characteristic of this obscurantist and reactionary parade of labor that the chief contest was over an academic question—approval of the recognition of the Soviet government. The resolution favoring such action forced Mr. Gompers to uncork his most fiery and effervescent eloquence, vintage of 1918, and to seek the aid, promptly accorded by telegraph, of Messrs. Hughes and Hoover. Accordingly recognition of the Soviet government was condemned and the convention closed its session with a significant pantomime of the blind led by the blind.

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Labor and the Rail Labor Board

OURS is the day of industrial breakdown. The reasons for it lie deeply in the tragedy of man, machine and profit, and are of subtler interest to the social psychologist than to the economist. But the sheer maleconomics of this breakdown can be traced most graphically in the collapse of the railroads. For they are the nerves of the commercial Leviathan. And nothing betrays quite as clearly the profound inner disturbance of our economy as the speech of the carriers,—in their impossible demand that large classes of labor should live on less than half of the barest subsistence, in the fantasitic evasions and illusive defences of their social failure.

After three-quarters of a century of mixed creative and criminal exploitation, the carriers are now rapidly drifting from pride into panic. Last year they earned only 3.13 percent on their investment. The business is running away from the present executives. The most astonishing feature at all the recent hearings before the Railroad Labor Board was the obvious lack of economic fundamentals on the part of the management: its statistical incompetence; and the naïve falsity of its presentations,—in facts, in figures, in charts and in proposals. The railroads argued that an American family can live on $563 a year; that it has no right to more than one or two children. They kept ordinary typists from joining the union by calling them "secretaries," thus turning them into "executive officers." Some of the roads farmed out their work from shop craft to scrubbing so as to deflate labor into submission. It was also interesting to note that their experts were largely office bred. Apparently, whatever may be the official attitude of the universities toward economic unrest, it is hard to secure scientific economists who would defend the impossible. In all these sessions the scientific minds were with the workers. And labor might have won at least a subsistence wage were it a question of logic and right. For it seemed that the majority on the Labor Board were with the workers in spirit, but the flesh was too weak, and it was weak because the public members of the Board were led to believe that reconstruction demands the preferential treatment of dividends.

Federal attention to railway labor troubles began with very coy mediation in the Act of 1888. Gradually, haltingly, and on the whole muddlingly, through the Erdman and Newlands acts, it tended to become ever more regulative. The first really sovereign interference in the industry was the Adamson law of 1916. It established the eight-hour day for the engine and train Brotherhoods. Then came government control during war time. And out of it Congress managed to enlarge government mediation to compulsory arbitral powers in the Transportation act of 1920.

The United States Railroad Labor Board, born of this act, has nine members, equally divided in representing the roads, the workers and the public. Every wage decision must be concurred in by at least five members, of whom one must be of the public. The Board must be guided by "just and reasonable" considerations, of which the main are the wages paid for similar work in other industries, the cost of living, and the skill, the responsibility and the hardship of the job. It is the duty and not merely the privilege of the Board to hear all the disputes which endanger the continuity of traffic, and it is endowed with the necessary authority to summon and investigate. But the law grants the Board no power to enforce its decrees. Public opinion is its only police and publicity its only weapon of punishment. And since the actual application of its decisions rests with the carriers, these tend to regard it in the light of a seminar in industrial equity. The two most important violations by the carriers so far are the refusal of the Pennsylvania Railroad to acknowledge the Board's authority to fix working rules, and the policy of several systems to "farm out" their shop work. The Board banned this "farming out" plan, but so far none of the roads have fully complied. The Pennsylvania case is also still hanging fire. This carrier has installed the so-called Atterbury Plan, a company union scheme which never represented over 10.5 percent of the shop crafts. In April, 1922, Judge Page of the Federal District Court decided in favor of the Pennsylvania, holding that the Board has no right to prescribe rules of procedure between a road and its men, unless they jointly bring their problems before it. Both authors of the Esch-Cummins law feel very strongly that this decision contravenes the letter and spirit in which Congress enacted it. And the Board has taken the case to the Circuit Court of Appeals. Still this suit indicates that the Board is more of a drift than a mastery, and indeed so far it has preferred to drift the way of least resistance rather than fight for industrial standards.

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When the Board was organized on April 16, 1920, it inherited from the Railroad Administration an unsettled wage controversy. In February, 1920, the workers had asked Mr. Hines for an increase in wages to meet the rising cost of living. But the government declined in view of the approaching termination of its control. Finally in July, 1920, the Board handed down Decision 2. This decision raised, retroactively to May 1, 1920, the wages of almost two million men by an average of 22 percent, thus adding $600,000,000 to the annual payroll, which the Interstate Commerce Commission covered by increased rates. The clerks and maintenance men got a 25 percent raise, which brought their average up to just a little over $100 a month. The mechanics and shop men were raised by not quite 20 percent. The engine and train men received a 23 percent increase. The entire labor wage on the railroads was raised to an average of $141.20 a month. This was the highest wage ever received by American railroad labor, and it approximated the subsistence budget at the time, lacking about $60 a month for the minimum comfort and decency level in which to maintain the average family.

Decision 119 of April 20, 1921, fixed the basic working conditions. It recognized the right of labor to organize and to be consulted in its organized form on all matters directly affecting it. It ruled that the nature, the scope and the hours of each job must be strictly defined. And it declared for the basic eight-hour day.

But toward the end of 1920 and early in 1921 the industrial depression was setting in. Capital became more reactionary and labor became more deflated. And the roads began to press for reductions. Hearings before the Board began in April, 1921, and resulted in Decision 147, which became effective July 1, 1921. It reduced all railway wages from 7 to 18 percent, averaging 12.5 percent, and saved the roads about $400,000,000 a year. The Board estimated that this decision brought down the average wage to $120 a month. In Decision 2 the Board had argued primarily on the basis of "human need," but this time it stressed altogether "economic necessity." And the latter motif has been guiding it ever since.

Opposition by the workers to these reductions did not assume militant proportions until the following October, when the railroad executives announced another contemplated cut of 10 to 35 percent. Labor retaliated by calling a strike for October 31, 1921, ostensibly against Decision 147, but actually to prevent further decreases. The Department of Justice prepared to enjoin the strike. But on the eve of the strike the Railroad Board promised not to consider further reductions until the entire problem of working rules was disposed of, and the strike order was cancelled.

By this time the reaction was in full swing. The Open Shop was growing daily in patriotic favor. Everywhere wages were being cut. Unemployment was rampant. Small business was bad and Big Business was biding its time in lay-offs, in strikes and in lockouts. The public group on the Board, which has the deciding vote, is composed of men whose whole industrial outlook is tinged with the economic determinism of the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Ben W. Hooper, the present chairman of the Board, seems kindly and sensible, and he must have disliked to sign a series of decisions which put labor back to worse than pre-war conditions. But what could he do against the "laws" of "supply and demand," of deflation and dividend, and the cycles of gloom and prosperity?

On August 11, 1921, these "laws" determined Decision 222, effective August 16th. In it the Board again recognized the eight-hour day and punitive overtime, but to a far less degree than did the federal government in the National Agreements. It was in Decision 222 that Arthur O. Wharton, formerly president of the railway department of the A. F. of L. and a labor member of the Board, gave his first dissenting opinion in a series of dissensions which for economic logic, technical knowledge of railroading and intelligent courage deserve to be classed among the finest labor briefs of our day. In this particular dissension Mr. Wharton shows that this decision on working rules really amounts to a wage cut averaging $15 a month through the manipulation of rulings, hours and punitive overtime.

Decision 630, effective February 1, 1922, sanctioned the ninth hour pro rata pay for the clerks, freight handlers, express men and station engineers. And it also sanctioned the "split trick," which spreads the nine hours over twelve. Again Mr. Wharton dissented because this ruling abandoned punitive overtime after eight hours. Then the stationary firemen, oilers and engineers, the fire builders and coal passers were put on a ninth and tenth hour pro rata pay, permitting the "split trick" without punitive overtime for Sunday and holiday work. The telephone and telegraph operators were put on a ninth hour pro rata pay and their overtime pay for Sundays and holidays was abolished.

By March 4, 1922, all the rules and working decisions had been completed and on March 6th the wage hearings began. The first wage cut was announced on May 29th. This decision (1028) ordered a cut for all the maintenance workers and

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shop laborers, the lowest paid and the weakest of all the railway Brotherhoods. The Board ordered a flat reduction of 5 cents an hour, which brought this class of labor to the minimum of 23 cents an hour or $563 a year and the maximum of 35 cents an hour or $800 a year. Under present conditions it will apply to almost 400,000 workers and will save the carriers $50,000,000. When more normal conditions are restored this sum will grow to $75,000,000 and it will affect 550,000 workers.

Decision 1036, released on June 5th, cut the pay of about 350,000 workers in the different shop crafts on an average of 12 percent. Shop workers are cut from 77 to 70 cents an hour. Freight carmen are cut from 72 to 63 cents an hour. All shop helpers and apprentices are cut from 54, 51 and 34 cents to 47, 44 and 27 cents an hour. The estimated saving to the roads will be about $60,000,000 a year.

Decision 1074, announced on June 10th, is the third and last in this series of cuts, which according to Mr. Hooper are "required by economic laws in that inevitable process of readjustment which has been in progress for the last year." It reduces the pay of 320,000 clerical and station forces and 22,000 signalmen, firemen and oilers by $26,500,000 annually. According to the figures of the majority decision this reduces the clerks to an average of 58.5 cents an hour and the signalmen, firemen and oilers to an average of 49.6 cents an hour.

These three decisions affect under normal conditions about 1,250,000 workers and are in any case expected to save the roads almost $134,000,000 this next year. All the cuts are effective July 1, 1922, on the same date on which the 10 percent horizontal freight reduction is effective as decreed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. This freight reduction is expected to take from the roads about $400,000,000 a year, almost the amount the Railroad Labor Board handed to the carriers in the wage cuts of Decision 147, which is not accompanied by a corresponding rate decrease. The taking of $134,000,000 from the wages of the workers is hence in no way necessitated by the rate cuts, but will help to raise dividends to the 5.75 percent hoped for by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Of course, the labor group dissented vigorously from these decisions. Mr. G. W. W. Hanger, vice-chairman of the Board, who was assistant commissioner under the Newlands act, is said to have objected to certain of these reductions, but he signed the majority reports. Thus the dissenting opinions were signed by the labor members only. They point out that "the wage structure which these decisions are building up for the transportation industry disregards all human needs," for "these rates of pay will mean annual earnings far below any minimum standard of subsistence which has been formulated even by the most conservative employing group." They show "that the earnings of the father of the family will provide him with less food than is allowed to convicts in the Cook County jail." "The pre-war standard perpetuated by these decisions was the product of inequitable wage bargains. And it is considerably below the level recognized even then as necessary for the maintenance of health and energy."

The new minimum wage for about 250,000 section men will be $11.04 a week. The average wage will be $15.69. This last figure approximates the minimum wage laws for single women in most of the states of the union. According to the latest studies of the Department of Labor the minimum subsistence cost of living for the five-membered family is a little over $1,400 a year, which is almost double the average wage of section men under Decision 1028. The most scientific budgetary analysis of this wage allows to the youngest of three children of a maintenance worker 3.8 cents a day for food. This indeed is the denial to American childhood of the right not merely to grow but to live.

This denial is to go into effect on July 1st. And Mr. B. M. Jewell, head of the railroad department of the A. F. of L., announced that ninety-eight percent of the rank and file have voted for a strike to go into effect on the same day.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG.

Hay Fever and Its Treatment

HATS, hacks, and hay fever are seasonal. And on occasion even perennial. In either event the tortures of hay fever are exquisite beyond description, as anyone who is a victim of the flowering fields will testify. Life loses its joy, as evidenced by continual weeping, which is punctuated only by paroxysmal sneezing. They taste not, neither do they smell. Not alone the nose, but the speech too, is thickened. In fact it becomes so impossible for the uninitiated to understand them, that these sufferers are driven to form hay fever clubs and associations in sheer self-defence. According to the information available, there are at present some one million persons in the United States who might be considered eligible. As a disease, hay fever is neither fatal, nor yet serious; but because of the distressing nasal, and often psychic symptoms, which are subject to

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annual recurrence, it is a malady greatly to be dreaded. Singularly the incidence of hay fever is greater in the United States than in Europe, and is somewhat more in our eastern than in our western states.

Hay fever is, to a certain extent, a misnomer; similarly with June fever, "rose colds" and harvest catarrh. Until the beginning of the nineteenth century these were thought to be nasal affections of some sort or other, or "colds," but in 1819 John Bostock, an English physician, recognized and described, catarrhus aestivus, the disease from which he himself was suffering. He believed dust and other irritants to be the cause, and it was not until the close of the nineteenth century that pollen was established as the etiological factor in hay fever. Investigations since that date have added further confirmation, until now scarcely a weed dares flower at the roadside or in the field for fear of a legislative enactment against its very existence. Hay fever seasons vary in different sections of the country since they are dependent upon the flowering periods of the various hay fever plants. Of the two types of hay fever generally recognized, one occurs in the spring or summer and the other in the fall. Spring hay fever, which claims its victims in May, June, and July, is caused principally by the pollens of the grasses, particularly timothy and June (Blue) grass. The fall type of hay fever, occurring in July and August and extending into early October, is chiefly due to the pollen of the ragweed. West of the Rocky Mountains the artemisias, and in the southwest, the amaranths are also exciting causes.

Few diseases can approach the mathematical accuracy with which a hay fever attack recurs. If your day is August 18th—and you will have come to that knowledge through interested observation—on the night of August 17th, your sleep will be filled with peace in the faith that you will awake with the first sneeze of the open season. This is as much due to suggestion as it is to the wind-wafted pollen which is your especial Nemesis. In sufferers from rose cold, for example, the nervous mechanisms are excited by inhaling the fragrance of a rose, and some patients will sneeze violently if a rose which they believe to be natural is brought close to their nostrils, although it may be artificial and devoid of odor. Apparently the neurotic make-up is as important in this reaction as the mere sensory stimulus. In point of fact, some authorities believe that the rose is not responsible for rose cold since it is insect and not wind-pollinated. This is to say that the pollen of insect-pollinated plants is not to be found in the air and in order to become inoculated, one would require a special messenger from the insect world to carry his yellow burden up the nasal passage. To be sure, direct inhalation might serve the same purpose. Similarly, and still more heretical is Scheppegrell's assertion in this connection that goldenrod is not responsible for hay fever. He adds resin weed, evening primrose, field daisy, dandelion, clover and sunflower to the same category, so that some common flowers may yet be saved from disrepute.

Hay fever is but one of the many phenomena grouped under the term local or protein hypersensitiveness. Devoid of its technical implications this merely means that individuals have personal idiosyncrasies towards foods, odors, drugs, etc. and what is one man's meat is demonstrably another man's poison. We are all familiar with the local reaction which susceptible individuals develop after partaking of strawberries, egg-white or certain vegetables, etc. It is generally accepted that some protein constituent of the food in question is not tolerated. Similarly, it is the peculiar protein present in certain pollen grains that brings his misery to the hay fever subject. Often hay fever may be caused by proteins from sources other than pollen, as for example, other parts of the plant, various foods, animal emanations, especially horse-dander; or even certain bacterial infections. It may be of interest to mention cases in which hay fever has been caused by cats. The exciting cause may prove to be particles of skin, dander, or even hair. Again chicken or goose feathers may be responsible, as in several instances where patients slept on pillows stuffed with these feathers, which were a constant source of irritation to the mucous membranes. In a word, an individual may be susceptible to any number of proteins common to his environment and ordinarily beyond suspicion. Furthermore, susceptibility to particular proteins becomes greater with increasing attacks. One good sneeze invariably deserves another. Likewise susceptibility to one group of proteins is quite likely to increase susceptibility to other proteins, otherwise well tolerated. Hay fever occurs only in susceptible individuals, i. e., those whose equilibrium is disturbed to an extent which permits the body to react unfavorably to certain incoming proteins. Local conditions, such as abnormalities of the nasal passages, may act as predisposing causes. Heredity is also of considerable importance in this connection. In something over one-third of the cases of hay fever reported by some of the foremost investigators, it has been shown that relatives of the first degree (father, mother, sister, brother) also suffered from hay fever. Un-

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doubtedly the influence of heredity is even more significant than these figures indicate, since hypersusceptibility may exist indefinitely without developing into hay fever, by virtue of insufficient exposure to the proper pollens. Young and middle aged persons are usually more often attacked, the incidence growing less with increasing years. Women are generally more subject to the disease than men. "City dwellers, the educated and highly nervous are most susceptible," says Osler, although just why education should be so damned is questionable. The supposition that persons in the country, particularly farmers, are immune to hay fever is frequently used as an argument against the pollen theory. As a matter of fact, recent investigations in Louisiana have shown that the occupation which has the largest number of hay fever cases (thirty-eight percent) is that of the farmer. This is rather to be expected since the greater natural resistance due to outdoor life is more than overcome by the farmers' greater exposure to pollen. Fortunately the consensus of opinion is that hay fever is not infectious.

The diagnosis of hay fever might ordinarily be expected to be established by a sneeze. This is not strictly specific since common colds have the same symptoms. However, there are definitely established tests which can be employed to verify the diagnosis, namely, the following: nasal, ophthalmic, cutaneous and intradermal. It has been possible to classify ninety percent of the offending pollens into four biological groups: Ambrosiaceæ (ragweeds), Gramineæ (grasses), Artemesia (wormwoods); and Chenopodiaceæ (amaranths, chenopods and docks). It is necessary only to determine which of these are present in a given locality and to make the requisite tests. The Artemisia group, for example, according to Scheppegrell, is not found in the eastern and southern states, which eliminates the necessity for testing for these pollens: attention being directed towards the ragweeds, grasses and chenopodia. The nasal test consists in applying the suspected pollen directly to the nasal mucosa, either by a pledget of cotton or by direct inhalation. The ophthalmic test consists of instilling a drop of pollen extract into the conjunctival sac. The reaction is then determined by the degree of inflammation which ensues. Both of these tests are extremely crude and ill advised since they give no index of the degree of susceptibility, and moreover would tend to lower the patient's resistance during the hay fever season. The cutaneous test which can be used at any time, consists in scarifying the skin of the forearm and applying the pollen extract. The intradermal test which is most reliable, consists in injecting the pollen extract into the skin of the forearm. The size of the resulting wheal yields some evidence as to the degree of sensitivity.

The hay fever victim can muster up little enthusiasm for anything but the treatment of his malady. Drugs which stabilize the nervous system, such as arsenic, phosphorus, and strychnine are often resorted to. Hygienic measures with regard to diet and particularly those directed towards obtaining a pollen-free environment are of still greater importance. Contrary to the popular belief, Scheppegrell "Hay Fever and Asthma" (Lea and Febiger) claims that altitude is no protection against hay fever unless this exceeds 6,000 feet, since many wind-pollinated plants are common up to 4,000 feet. Also the apparently erratic benefit of coast resorts to hay fever sufferers is largely a question of wind direction. Thus if the wind is from the water, the air is free from pollen and the hay fever subject finds relief, but if it veers to a land breeze his symptoms become aggravated. Complete temporary relief may be obtained at the hay fever resorts of high altitude, a complete list of which may be consulted for the United States in the volume mentioned above. Local treatment of the nose, as for example, surgery, sprays, massage, etc. is often of great benefit.

The most valuable method, however, of treatment in hay fever now being practised is known as immunization. The principle upon which this is based is the identification of the irritating protein and the injection of it in increasing amounts until immunity against it is established. The procedure consists in first applying the intradermal cutaneous test, i. e., injecting into the skin of the patient's arm a number of suspected extracts, such as ragweed, pollen, timothy etc. A wheal follows at the site of injection of the protein to which the individual is sensitive. This identifies the protein in question as being responsible for the symptoms. The degree of sensitivity to that protein is then established by injecting varying minute doses of the extract. Treatment is commenced by injecting an amount of protein extract smaller than that required to raise a wheal. Following this, injections are given weekly and the dose increased until immunity is established. Obviously, the dosage and frequency of inoculation vary with the individual. Now, when the pollen grains settle in the nasal passage, the amount of protein present is not sufficiently great to cause a local reaction and the patient suffers no attack. This is the principle which underlies the immunity acquired by man against smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid and the like.

It is of the utmost importance that such treat-

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ment be started from six to eight weeks before the anticipated attack. East of Kansas eighty-five percent of fall hay fever is due to ragweed. Therefore, for those individuals who are sensitive to ragweed *the time to begin active immunization is about July 1st.* The question naturally arises as to whether anything can be done during the season. While it is true that in many instances, alleviation of symptoms may be obtained by the treatment described above, nevertheless prophylaxis gives far greater satisfaction.

While immunization against hay fever gives beneficial results in the main, nevertheless it leaves much to be desired. In the first place, the method of determining dosage is rather crude. In the second place, in identifying the suspected protein, there is danger of increasing susceptibility to other proteins, by the injection or scarification methods employed. In the third place, since many individuals are sensitive to more than one protein, the shot-gun method of treatment, which involves an injection of multiple proteins, is perhaps insufficiently standarized to be entirely reliable. Finally, there is the danger of anaphylactic shock if the treatment is not graded to sufficiently minute amounts. This is a danger common to any procedure entailing the introduction into the human body at periodic intervals of foreign substances, the first injection of which is apparently harmless. Thus, in some cases, the body immediately becomes hypersensitive. Consequently, a succeeding injection may provoke an undesirable, and possibly fatal reaction. In the hands of competent clinicians, however, the immunization or "desensitization" technique has resulted in the alleviation of much suffering with comparatively slight untoward effects. To the victim of hay fever, any treatment, however hazardous, is worth a trial.

Finally a word might be said for the educational and legislative aspects of the prevention of hay fever. The voluntary eradication of the noxious weeds responsible for hay fever is, of course, the ultimate desideratum. Proper control of weeds is a prime necessity for successful agriculture,—it likewise confers a boon on the neighbor who suffers from hay fever. There has been considerable state legislation against weeds, both as regards plants and seeds. In fact all but thirteen states now have weed laws. Municipal legislation is also of much avail in this connection, as is evidenced by the progress of New Orleans and other cities. Perhaps the time is not far distant when all pernicious weeds will be legislated out of existence and even the contraction of hay fever will become a misdemeanor.

NICHOLAS AND LILLIAN KOPELOFF.

On Trial in Santo Domingo

THE construction of the main hall of the Palace was well suited for separating the sheep from the goats. Behind the low fence-like partition with its occasional rising pillars one could see the Navy,—"the Occupation,"—officers and petty officers and clerks in white-uniformed spick and span ease, sitting or moving about with perhaps too obvious nonchalance in their airy office, or standing in the French windows which opened out to balconies above the street overlooking the old city wall and the Osama River below. On the other side of the fence the goats,—Dominicans in tight-packed rows, sitting, standing, perched on chairs and railings, pressing in at the doors,—two hundred or more intense sensitive faces of every color from white to black, two hundred eager forms straining forward to hear the witness and the interpreter. At the table the four Senators looked hot and harassed. It is a strain to be impartial and unprejudiced, even more of a strain for an American Main Street senator to live up to Dominican standards of polite etiquette without expressing more than he intends in the way of sympathy. Behind the senatorial table were six or eight luxurious leather arm-chairs into which fluttered a little late, after much shoving back of the crowd at the doors by Guardia Nacional policemen, the Occupation wives,—with notable exceptions they were chiefly of two sorts, the sporty hard-faced woman in mannish clothes, or the bejewelled ultra-feminine type, well made up, very well planned. The Senatorial Chairman flickered an eyelid at a lovely vision in lavender, but matters were pressing and he returned to the clever running of "his show." Just the right question to the witness, the correct reproof to the interpreter, the cutting of unnecessary red tape, the essentially fine and courteous thanks to the witness at the end of his testimony, Senator McCormick's chairmanship of a hearing is masterly.

The Dominicans pressed forward more eagerly and the Marine orderlies, holsters on hips, tiptoed in and out more frequently. But this was an occasion when any number of holsters and cartridge bedecked belts had no menace to the Dominicans. A native of the Seibo province was telling of his trip as guide to Captain Merkel in the Seibo. The officer's sadistic cruelty and outrages were rehearsed without a hesitating word,—the guide's eyes only gleamed more shiningly white above his glossy high cheek bones. Certainly every American present must have been overcome with shame before the pressing eagerness of the witness and of those two hundred dark faces. After all, did not

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Merkel the degenerate mean the United States to these people? Did not a military occupation, in allowing such an officer to run wild for six months, mean that the American people had been forever misinterpreted and betrayed in Santo Domingo?

And one does not want to be misunderstood in the beautiful old city of Santo Domingo. To walk through the neat streets lined with one-storied stucco houses of delicious coloring,—pink, mauve, blue, maize, terracotta, at five o'clock when the shutters begin to open and the olive-skinned senoritas begin to peer out through the white iron grills, to loiter on the Plaza Colon of an early evening when the people are gathering on the benches under the hibiscus, palms and feathery pines for the Guardia Nacional band concert, to see the low-spreading soft brown cathedral against a pink evening sky,—these are experiences too happy to be spoiled by the consciousness that one is a suspected, disliked American, or that at best, one is but a "bon blanc" (to borrow a Haitian epithet.)

The social situation and the relationship between Americans and natives are very different from what they are in Haiti. The Occupation in Santo Domingo has always had more heart, in other words, more brains. It has not created the absolutely complete break between the Occupation and local "society" which exists in Haiti, and the color line (which is in fact less marked) has not been drawn. Dominicans and Americans belong to the same clubs, eat at the same hotels, go to the same parties, an American Marine jazz band is the favorite orchestra for the smart Dominican dances. The Dominicans are less simple, less naïve, more independent and canny and self-sufficient on the whole than the Haitians. One finds them on first acquaintance perhaps less individually charming, because they are reserved and their hospitality is more formal, but as a people they are more solidly built from the sociological point of view, with an economic middle class as well as rich and poor, and as individuals they are tremendously trustworthy. The mixture of Spanish, Indian and Negro blood seems to make a less tropical, rather hardier and more hard-headed race than the French and Negro. The whole Dominican Republic seems nearer to the United States in manners and aspect than Haiti, indeed a dance at the country house of the smart well-to-do, reminds one a little too much of upper Broadway.

The strongest single impression one gathers from two weeks in the capital is of the unity of the people. Rich, poor, the bourgoisie, the peons, are one in the insistence that the Americans leave, utterly and entirely,—they will accept no compromise. It is really unthinkable that the United States should with self-righteous vanity assume to say that the Dominicans are not fit to govern themselves. The Occupation is helping Santo Domingo the Americans say, it has built roads, piers, watertowers. The Occupation does deserve credit for developing the country (particularly for building the road over the mountains connecting the two largest cities, Santiago and Santo Domingo) but everything it has done has been without the consent of the Dominicans and with the dollars of the Dominican customs receipts and many more dollars besides. Senator McCormick on the last day of the hearings in Santo Domingo asked the counsel for the former Dominican government, whether he was aware of the precedent that decreed that when a stronger country occupied a weaker country, the expenses of the occupation should be born by the country occupied. "I am aware," was the reply in approximately these words, "that such has been the case in darkest Africa, in faraway China, in backward Egypt and India. But I am willing to state that the American people will not allow such a perversion of justice to be carried out now in this present day. We shall set a new precedent if necessary, of justice and honor towards small nations."

Apropos the finances of the Dominican Republic, there is a curious sight to be seen each Sunday morning on the Plaza when it it crowded with people on their way to mass in the cathedral. A particularly thick crowd gathers under a colonnade at one end of the Plaza where big wire cages are revolving and men are calling out numbers,—the weekly lottery is being drawn. And there the pious Dominican on his way to mass or the adventurous American on his way to the country club, may learn whether his investment of $2.40 in a block of lottery tickets has brought him the $12,000 weekly prize or any of the smaller prizes. What remains after prizes and running expenses are paid, goes to the Dominican hospitals and charitable institutions.

The results of the senatorial inquiry into our occupation of the Dominican Republic are as yet unknown,—there has been no heart-rending preliminary report like the one given on Haiti, and we are allowed to understand that negotiations are under way for immediately reducing the United States forces in Santo Domingo. Moreover the State Department is now willing to learn directly from leading Dominican citizens, the Dominican point of view, a justice which it has not accorded to Haiti. Another great satisfaction is that there is now sitting in Santo Domingo a United States military court to investigate all cases of alleged and proved atrocities. Senator McCormick himself stated in December at the last hearing

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in Santo Domingo, "What I am interested in is how to get out of here." The Dominican case is simple and good in a legal sense. They have based their case against the United States' Occupation on the grounds that the Americans had no right to enter in the first place and by doing so violated the constitutions of the United States and of the Dominican Republic, the existing treaties between the two countries, international law and the Hague Convention, not to speak of Wilson's fourteenth point. And they undertook to prove that contrary to the assertions of the United States Navy, President Jimenez had never consented to the landing of American troops in 1916, that General Arias had never executed a coup d'état nor seized the executive power, which facts the United States gave as a reason for intervention, and that it had never been necessary to pacify Santo Domingo City, also that the United States was inaccurate in saying that the Dominican Republic had violated their treaty by increasing the national debt above certain agreed limits. I hope that the Dominicans themselves are not too optimistic about their case. To hear the joyous shouts of the crowd in the "demonstration" in the Plaza on the last day of the senators' stay in Santo Domingo after Senator Pomerene and Senator McCormick had made speeches which were masterpieces of non-committal oratory, was to realize that the people, even the intelligentsia, were too naïve in their utter belief in their case, in their sense of being wronged, to read the hollowness of those speeches.

The Dominicans have a habit of walking or driving in their open carriages at the end of the afternoon out past the signal tower onto the malecon, the terraced esplanade above the rocks that edge the open ocean. There they see the waves dash and the sharks play and watch the hot sun set behind the two black etched towers of a great battleship wrecked on those red rocks. That ship is the United States battleship Memphis, a former pride of the Navy. To the Dominicans there must be a poetic justice in seeing it stranded there, high and dry on their own rocky coast, swept in by a tidal wave in 1916 just when it was bringing more American troops to occupy the republic. It is not happy for Americans to see it rusting and rotting away nor to remember the many American sailors who lost their lives, for the experienced Dominican swimmers could save only a few. Yet if the Dominicans find in the sight a poetic justice, it is but natural, and it remains for Americans to change the meaning of that symbol and to assure Santo Domingo a justice more substantial than that of the waves.

KATHARINE SERGEANT ANGELL.

Vista

ON the Berkeley terrace in the midst of a garden and looking out over the bay toward Mount Tamalpais the young instructor from the university came up and joined me. He was the sort of man to whom art is one of the natural ways of living.

"I suppose," he said to me, "you saw a great many fine things in New York during the season, out of so many plays and so many theatres."

I replied, taken suddenly, as I was, in the midst of this scene around me, that there were not so many fine things as one might think. Taking the season all in all, I said, there were fairly few moments that I could recall in such a place as this, with the air, the garden, and at ten o'clock on a California morning, few things that I could think of now with any fine satisfaction. Making a little terrace review of the dramatic season, I began to recall for him, out of all the things I had seen, the consummate moments; moments in which there seemed present a complete achievement of the intention, a satisfying and inevitable beauty and finality; moments, I meant to say, in which appeared that combination of the definiteness of the type with the varied nuance of the individual that marks consummate things in art.

One of these moments was out of that wretched Idle Inn with which Ben-Ami's season was flattened; what stayed with me now was the flash of his vitality and unforgettable power during the wedding dance, that dark wild figure coming suddenly into the midst of the revellers and as suddenly lost again to sight. For another, the scene in The First Fifty Years where Miss Eames sat at the table over the cards, bitter and deserted and obstinate; the beautiful, searching, tragic distinction of that picture continued now to be right and lost nothing of its power. And I recalled what was scarcely a second in the Salut au Monde at the Neighborhood Playhouse, the moment when at the edge of the circle of the light that opened on the sky, appeared first the hand and the gilded thyrsos of the bacchanal in his white robe and the uplifted arm with the black cross on the sleeve. The formal archaic beauty of that moment seemed still perfect. And in spite of the bad dancing and the limp conducting of the score, The Birthday of the Infanta seemed still almost wholly beautiful, with its magnificent design, its music, its architecture, and above all the overwhelming effect where the little Infanta, weighted down with her garments and royal ceremonies, appears in the great door of the palace and at the head of the stair that leads downward to the courtyard. And

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Chaliapin in Boris seemed still the finest style and distinction that I had ever seen in the theatre anywhere; the way in which he sat there on his throne, with one hand on the arm of it and the other moving his handkerchief mechanically, as he heard the story that was to strike him fainting to the floor; the one gesture with which he drew his son to him; the tremendous elegance and line of his entrances and of the bows he made; the manner in which his art swept clear the entire stage of that foolish and inconsequent Metropolitan production and ensemble around him. After these I could remember happy things, charming bits, delightful hints of acting and theatre like some of Miss Estelle Winwood's work in Madame Pierre, or the finish of Mr. Louis Calvert's Baron in Andreyev's play, or Mr. Carroll as the Toreador at the Neighborhood's Fandango, or moving passages in Mr. Pole's Prince Myshkin in the matinées of The Idiot. And then there was a matter of three lines in He Who Gets Slapped, where the clown speaks to the girl of the goddess who has risen from the sea; there in spite of Mr. Bennet's efforts to make gently acrid gumdrops of the play's stinging beauty and in spite of Miss Gilmore's blessed innocence of her author's meaning, the poetry of the mere lines stood clear. But none of these instances seemed quite to remain in my memory as perfect, as radiant with that pristine and lucid finality, that makes a summit in art.

"But on the whole," my companion remarked, politely disappointed, when I had done, "that 's not so many, I am afraid, considering the number of plays and theatres."

Perhaps not, I said, and yet a good many too, all things considered. In the theatre as in life, I said, one must learn patience, learn not to die, of Amiel's maladie de l'idéal. At any rate these, I said, were the only things out of the ten theatre months I had known in New York, that at such a moment as this and in such a place and hour remained as perfect and final in my memory.

The delightful young man went away with his own thoughts and I stood looking around me.

Beneath the balustrade of the terrace a fuchsia clambered up and spread to a trellis at one side overhead, its blossoms hanging red like coral against the white stone, red like flame-colored silk, with centres a red purple, exactly that purple of the Italians that occurs with the flame color so often in their vestments. Roses were everywhere, red, sulphur yellow, roses white, roses palely flushed like the inside of a shell. Heliotrope climbed up over the wall and past the window of the house; honeysuckle covered the garden wall. Against the screen of willow boughs at the foot of the garden, foxgloves; irises deep purple under a flowering lemon tree; white amaryllis, blue daphne and crimson althea were there; Canterbury bells, blue, white, magenta; and borders of old-fashioned pinks heavy-scented and profuse; and a hedge of lavender beneath taller ginesta, chrome yellow, in full flower.

To the south eucalyptus trees scattered down from the blue slope beyond the tawny hill that already at the beginning of June was burned by the sun. And over all this morning world the blue sky spread and the clear bright air and the miraculous light. And, finally, in the west there was a vista; and in that, after a glance, there was something of the eternity of stone and light and water beside which the seasonal and fragrant beauty of the garden near at hand faded away and was forgotten. Through pine trees I looked out over a great field the tawny color of the hills, beyond that was an interval but half seen, and then fields again rising toward a line of trees where the bay began. At a distance Mount Tamalpais. In the light the rhythm of its slopes was infinitely subtle, dropping down to the shore beneath. And half way across between the shore and the mountain and half way across the long line of the bay, ran a little peninsula—which at high tide grows to be an island—violet color, gray like olive trees. At one end of it stood a cluster of old masts.

The whole scene there had something about it like Greek poetry and the early marbles, like Theocritus, like the Anthology. It was grave and definite, delicately varied within its clear outline, within its pattern; a thing touched with the pathos of its own bounds and limitations; it was quiet and final and tender, elegiac. And there was something in it that suggested wide seas that ran indeed to the baths of all the western stars, something of ancient ports and mariners setting forth.

With this scene and this hour those fine outstanding instances from the year's theatre seemed to go. They survived this present perfection, stood the test of it. And that was as it should be. Beautiful moments in our experience in the world ought to shame lesser things in art; and beautiful moments in art ought to exact a noble distinction in the world; as both must exact or shame in the matter of our living. And there ought to be an identity existing among all those experiences that seem to satisfy us with their perfection, with a sort of infinite finality in them, that seem to dilate and complete the parts of our experience that they include. The bacchanal with his white robe and

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his gilded thyrsos in his uplifted hand, the splendor and death of Chaliapin's Boris, Miss Eames' tragic mask, the Infanta coming from that great door down the stair, these and the rest seemed with the water, the violet and gray shores, the masts, the light, the port, the sense of ancient poetry and voyage, to make one, to make a unity together. And yet further beyond all this, beyond and underneath these particular instances, the scene there went with all art, as it must inevitably do; it made a unity with art, which, too, haunts the mind always as a kind of departure, a setting forth from quiet shores to a more open sea.

STARK YOUNG.

Coal's Vicious Circle

AT the end of a long table, in a room on the sixth floor of the Engineering Societies Building in New York City, sits a man talking in a conversational tone about matters of the most pressing and immediate concern to all of the hundred million of us. He is testifying before the Public Committee on the Coal Strike. At the other end of the table are grouped the Committee members, an engineer, a magazine editor, a minister, a real estate operator, a lawyer, and a college professor. Occasionally a newspaperman strolls into the room, listens to some of the testimony, and goes out in the hall to smoke a cigarette. The audience consists of four or five "researchers," one or two women apparently very much interested in the reasons for their coal bills, and the sort of nondescript who looks in the papers for anything open to the public, free of charge.

For more than a month now, the Public Committee has been holding sessions in an attempt to bring the facts underlying the present conflict to the public's attention. And for more than a month, the public, despite press notices and broadspread invitations, has persistently chosen to ignore the existence of the Committee. What the newspapermen who are covering the coal strike say, is apparently true: "The public takes no interest in the strike."

Seven hundred and fifty thousand workers are idle. Anthracite reserves, if not bituminous, are dwindling to an alarming extent. Negotiations are proving abortive. There is violence in the Illinois coal fields and West Virginia, and still—the public takes no interest in the coal strike. It may be because of the weather. It may be because there are no such spectacular legal features to the present conflict as the issuing of federal injunctions in 1909. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that the Public Committee, representative of a cross-section of American life, is week by week revealing conditions in one of our basic industries that prove the despair of those who profess pride in America's capacity for organization—and neither the newspapers nor the public at large show an appreciable sign of interest in the proceedings.

Hugh Archbald, industrial engineer, a sandy-haired, quiet spoken Scotchman with an American Legion button and the ribbon of a military decoration in his lapel, threw a sudden and clarifying light on the entire situation when he told the Committee, "We are isolated, we bituminous miners. You cannot realize how far out of touch we are with your world. I am one of the few engineers in the coal industry and it's because there are so few of us engineers that there is such a great waste. The thing, you see, is a vicious circle. Intermittent work makes it impossible for the operators to employ high-salaried engineers, and, besides, high-salaried engineers are not the sort to sit down and twiddle their thumbs and wait for work to start up again. Most of them come down to the mines, lead lives empty of any sort of human enjoyment either in work or play, see the train for Pittsburgh come in some night and climb aboard, saying, 'I am going to get the Hell out of here!' and who can blame them?"

Mr. Archbald is the author of a small book full of big facts for those who are digging into the fundamentals of this coal business. He calls it The Four-Hour Day in Coal and in it he describes not only the ever-recurring evils of unemployment, but the deeper and more irritating evils of unemployment within employment. The half-hour to the hour it takes for the miner to get in and out of his working place, the physical difficulties that arise from intermittent work, the wastefulness of the room and pillar method of mining—all these close-up pictures of life underground he presented to the Committee with the simplicity that marks the expert everywhere. You had a sense when you listened to Archbald of a man coming from another continent, explaining the commonplaces of his every-day life to a strange race.

At one time, in his testimony, he pointed to the tops of the low-backed chairs that fringed the witness table and said, "In many of the working places, the roof is no higher than the tops of those chairs. If you were to spend the day crawling around this room with a pick in your hand, work-

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ing in quarters that did not permit you to raise your head above a four-foot level, your strained muscles would tell you what it means to work in the mines. And, when you realize that intermittent employment implies weeks of loafing and softening of muscles, then you will understand what waste of man power occurs when men are constantly coming up from mines to take a rest and other men are constantly going down to take their places. Again, intermittent work means cheap foremen and the lack of organizing ability underground.

"The mine foreman is supposed to have full charge of the inside of the mine, and in most states he must pass an examination. I recently took charge of a class of mine foremen who had passed their examination. It was felt that they must have some knowledge of elementary arithmetic. We started them at the beginning, but when we came to long-division, there was a sudden stop. None of them knew anything about arithmetic beyond long division. So you see, we have to take what we can get in the shape of engineers, superintendents and mine foremen. Such a thing as organization along the lines of industrial management is practically unknown in the coal industry.

"The largest of our engineering societies could find time for but one afternoon's discussion of the coal industry at a conference held just before the strike. Coal engineers are so few and far between as to have little voice in the proceedings of the engineering bodies of the country. But does anyone think that coal is an unimportant element in our civilization?"

Doctor George Otis Smith, of the United States Geological Survey, painted no more cheering a picture of conditions in the coal industry than the engineer. "A cause of humiliation and shame," he characterized the inefficiency and waste connected with the mining of coal. He told of the efforts of the government to get at some of the fundamental facts about coal. He showed an almost naïve belief in the power of public opinion, possessed of these facts, to do something tangible for the organization of the industry. In his opinion it would be a decided advantage to the operators to have the facts known, and he marvelled in public at the stubborness of their opposition to the creation of any sort of fact-finding agency. In his opinion the operators were short-sighted, and while he was not so sure that the uncovered facts would redound to the credit of the distributors of coal, he asserted again and again his belief that the operators would be the gainers as the result of any government investigation.

For their part the miners were not so trustful of public opinion. They wanted an investigation, a fact-finding agency. They gave the Committee a copy of their pamphlet presented to the House Labor Committee demanding a fact-finding agency, but they made it very clear that on such a commission they did not want the usual type of public representative. C. J. Kennedy, President of District No. 7 of the United Mine Workers, an earnest, red-cheeked, solid type of union leader, said, "The public's representative usually turns out to be the operators' representative. We have lost all faith in the fixing of wages by commissions." But, when it comes to a commission of experts hot after the cold facts, the unions are all for that. Their testimony before the Committee reveals a well thought out plan that goes farther than a mere wage dispute. It involves research and engineering and the scientific approach to the problem that is so essential to any sort of permanent solution. Repeatedly in the course of the hearings, the word "engineering" has appeared. Government and union alike agree that without engineering, chaos will continue no matter what the outcome of the strike.

In a public statement read at the first hearing, the Committee announced that it has not in mind that it can solve the present controversy or lay down any plan in detail which would provide for a permanent, uninterrupted production in the mines. "We do feel," their statement says, "that the public is entitled to more information as to the agreed upon facts, as to the facts that are in dispute, as to the reasons underlying the program for settlement suggested by both sides and as to the divergence between these programs." If it serves no other function, if there continue to be empty chairs at its hearings, nevertheless, the Committee is performing a necessary task in driving home to the thinking public the lack of order, of intelligence, of the fundamentals of modern organization in an industry that so intimately affects the everyday life of the average American.

McAlister Coleman.

"She Said, Though You Should Weave"

She said, though you should weave and freeze
All crimson words in tapestries
With notes of horns and blown airs
And mountain-chants of worshippers
The lines of light, the words of flame
Are not so perfect as I am.
She said, though you should sing and set
Dark gold words and pomegranate
With words of cold and words of night
To chords of music sombre and bright
You shall make nothing lovely then
As my dim dancing in the rain
Or this straight body slim and small
Under the mossed waterfall.

Maxwell Anderson.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Two Political Prisoners at Leavenworth

SIR: In Leavenworth, Kansas, are two political prisoners, Ricardo Flores Magon and Librado Rivera, who have already served more than three years for the mere expression of an opinion, in their paper called Regeneracion, during the war, about world conditions.

The Mexican government, through its ambassador, has asked for the release of these men. The Mexican Federation of Labor and the Congresses of Yucatan and Coahuila de Zaragoza have also asked for the release of these men—all in vain.

Both Magon and Rivera are willing to leave the country upon their release. Mr. Magon is going blind on both eyes. In a recent letter he writes as follows:

> "This at least, is my hope, that you and my friends will finally succeed in compelling the grim hand which holds the key, to relent and open the cage before it be too late; before freedom should only mean the mere change of my cell to a hospital, or before my hesitating foot should reluctantly step into the dismal, colorless, and boundless wilderness where the blind creep like aimless words. It is true that in the latter case, I would still have my thoughts, that I could take refuge in my dreams. . . . It is true but my whole nature revolts against such an obliteration of light! Once when I was young, I was kept for several weeks in a dark dungeon, so dark that I could not see my own hands. It was in the City of Mexico during that harrowing period in which Diaz swayed with a bloody hand. The dungeon was unpaved, and a layer of mud from three to four inches thick composed the floor, while the walls oozed a turbid fluid which prevented from drying up the expectorations, countless, careless, former occupants had negligently flung upon them. From the ceiling enormous cobwebs overhung, in which huge, black, horrid spiders lurked. In one corner, opening from the sewer there was a hole. . . . This was one of the dungeons into which the despot used to throw his opponents in the hope of breaking their spirits, and it was from one of these infernal chambers, so shrewdly calculated, to crush, to pound, to maim the most powerful will, that Jesus Martinez Carrion, the exquisite artist, whose paintings won him recognition in Europe and America, was taken out agonizing and blind, to die a few weeks afterwards in a hospital, a prey to consumption. In my horrible dwelling I could stand the slimy touch of the walls, the recollection of which makes me now shudder, my lungs then youthful and healthy could resist the poison of that grave, my nerves, though sensitive, could be trained by my will to respond with nothing more than a slight tremor to the assaults and bitings of the rats in the dark. . . . My mat was wet, and so were my clothes, from time to time a thud on the mat, or on the slime, and soon on my body, indicated that a spider had fallen down and through my frame ran a shudder. But I could suffer all that excepting the absence of light. I need light. I need light. I need light, and I want to be free to cure my eyes, or at least to reserve the scanty power of vision I still enjoy, for the little light which succeeds in breaking through my badly damaged organs of vision provides me with joy and gladness of soul. I can still see the color of a flower. I can still see a sunbeam and can still glory in the sight of a smile. If I could only step into life again before it be too late. . . .

The Department of Justice admits that Mr. Magon will shortly be totally blind. Can America and her writers continue to remain silent, without carrying the same blame as rests upon the Department of Justice by its inaction?

HARRY WEINBERGER.

New York City.

Pre-War Glorification of War

SIR: I would like to call the attention of those who still believe that certain German writers were the only ones who glorified in war during the period immediately preceding the Great War to a few statements taken from J. Ellis Barker's Great and Greater Britain. This work, it is well to note, was published in 1910, the year before Friedrich von Bernhardi's notorious and justly condemned Deutschland und der nächste Krieg appeared. Moreover, Barker dedicated his work to Joseph Chamberlain, the noted Unionist, *with Mr. Chamberlain's permission.* "I am under the greatest obligation to Mr. Chamberlain," Barker stated in his preface, pages XII-XIII. "He has been my teacher. He has formed my views, and he has influenced my writings. Therefore, I had the strong wish to be allowed to dedicate this book to him, and I feel highly gratified and honoured by his having accepted my dedication."

Note first the following extract taken from Great and Greater Britain, page 25:

> "This world is not a world of ease and peace, but a world of strife and war. Nature is ruled by the law of the struggle for existence and of the survival of the fittest and the strongest. States, like trees and animals, are engaged in a never-ending struggle for room, feed, light, and air, and that struggle is a blessing in disguise, for it is the cause of all progress. Had it not been for that struggle, the world would still be a wilderness inhabited by its aboriginal savages.
>
> "The abolition of war would be a misfortune to mankind. It would lead not to the survival of the fittest and strongest, but to the survival of the sluggard and the unfit, and, therefore, to the degeneration of the human race. However, there is no likelihood that universal peace will be established. As long as human nature remains what it is, as long as self-interest, not benevolence, is the predominant motive in men and in States, those nations which are ambitious and strong will seize the possessions of those which are rich and weak. Thus Nature constantly rejuvenates the world and compels States to increase in civilization and strength by the same means by which she compels individuals to cultivate both mind and body, and those States which disregard the supreme law of Nature and of History disappear."

Mr. Barker's views concerning Germany are interesting. Note the following quotation—particularly the last phrase of it—taken from page 33 of his work:

> "Germany is in the absurd position that she is building an enormous fleet without possessing adequate harbours for her ships, and she is therefore compelled by necessity, either to acquire the great harbour of the Netherlands or to give up her claims to oversea expansion. Consequently it seems absolutely certain that Germany will, earlier or later, make a most determined attempt to make Rotterdam and Antwerp German ports, and from her point of view she is quite justified in doing so."

Is it not probable that many other Englishmen, Frenchmen, and *even Americans,* as well as Germans, entertained views similar to those of Mr. Barker? Is it not also probable that there were prominent statesmen, outside of Germany, other than Mr. Chamberlain, who were willing that their names should be associated either directly or indirectly with the expression of such views?

F. S. RODKEY.

Oxford, Ohio.

A Correction

The letter, Is Insanity a Ground for Divorce? in our issue of June 21st, page 109, should have been signed Marta Adams.

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Books and Things

IS there anybody on this planet, now, at the end of the first half of 1922, who sees the problem of sex in its true relation to all our other problems? Most likely not. Even if he existed, and were to speak the truth that is in him, the rest of us would most likely band ourselves together and tell him he did not know what he was talking about. This would probably be the mildest of our welcomes to such a prophet.

But that sex is a problem, that the problem is difficult, that nothing but harm is done by denying this—those among us who believe these assertions, and whose belief expresses itself, whether by reluctant acknowledgment or by loudest house-top trumpetings, are increasing in number day by day. That is greatly to our credit. Years hence, centuries hence, historians will mention the early part of the twentieth century as one of the times when mankind began to take a new attitude toward sex.

Let us hope they will call our attitude a sign not only of change, but of change for the better. Let us hope they will call our beginnings, whether shy or vociferous, a beginning of enlightenment. At least they will admit that we are less silent than our immediate forerunners. Even contemporary we, who have learned to be tentative in our self-appraisals, have reason to think we are not mistaken in saying that silence about sex is at this moment on the wane.

Our task was twofold. First, we had to break that silence, which had done so much evil in the world. Secondly, we had to substitute for silence something else more useful and healthier. We are doing the first half of our task, for which nothing is essential but will, somewhat better than the second half, for which wisdom also is necessary.

Lately I have been reading two books about sex, one by Miss Maude Royden, Sex and Common-Sense (Putnam's: $2.50), the other by Mr. Havelock Ellis, Little Essays of Love and Virtue (Doran, $1.50 net). They are noble books. They will do a great deal of good in helping parents and teachers to realize what a crime it is to treat sex as either a vile topic or an unapproachable mystery. That reader must be a dirty dog indeed who can even skim these books and not perceive their high-mindedness, the ardor of their longing for beauty and truth in sexual relations, their faith in the attainability of these good things.

Except at these points, and at one other, to be mentioned in a moment, the two authors are quite unlike. Miss Royden is a Christian, and a believer that renunciation, even life-long renunciation, is often necessary and may be rich, human, full of love, creation and power (p. 41). Mr. Havelock Ellis has more learning and curiosity, more indulgence and mysticism. His windows open upon a wider prospect, a more varied world of sex, which he observes, to my taste, too intently.

Neither Mr. Havelock Ellis nor Miss Royden, so far as I have noticed, has used what seems to me one of the deadliest weapons against silence. "It seems difficult to avoid," says Mr. Trotter in his Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War (pp. 84-5), "the conclusion that some dim and unrealized offshoot of such a jealousy between adult and young is responsible for the unanimity with which man combines to suppress and delay the development of any evidence of sexual interest by the young. The intensity of the dislike which is felt for admitting the young to share any part of the knowledge of the adult about the physiology of sex is well illustrated by the difficulty parents feel in communicating to their children some of the elementary facts which they may feel very strongly it is their duty to impart. A parent may find himself under these circumstances trying to quiet his conscience with all sorts of excuses and subterfuges while he postpones making the explanations which duty and affection urge upon him as necessary for the health and happiness of his child. An unwillingness so strong and irrational as this must have its root in subconscious processes charged with strong feeling."

Is not this worth insisting upon? Not all harmfully silent adults can be convinced that one cause of their silence is jealousy, but some of them may be, some of them may choose to break a silence tainted with a motive so unavowable and so mean. I wish that Miss Royden had given a chapter, that Mr. Havelock Ellis had given a page, to the part played by jealousy in keeping adults uncommunicative when children ask questions about sex.

The only grave defect I notice in these two books is the one other trait they have in common. I am afraid they will do harm by being a little too holy, by leading young people to look for a finer spirituality in sexual relations than most people are capable of finding in any relation whatever. In Little Essays of Love and Virtue I find this passage: "From our modern standpoint we may say, with James Hinton, that the sexual embrace, worthily understood, can only be compared with music and prayer." Why compare it with anything but itself? Why ought all mankind to understand it in the same way? Why not leave every decent person free to understand it in different ways at different times, free to call none of these ways unworthy? Happy are any two persons who can quite naturally think of their bodies as altars, and who can as naturally think of the fire descending upon those altars as divine. But for most of the human race this mental attitude is not natural, this experience is rare. An animal gladness shared with an intimate friend—it is not comparable with prayer or music —but to call it unworthy seems to me illiberal and a priori. One of the modes of spoiling sexual relations is to seek in them more than nature and nurture have given us an aptitude for finding.

I could wish for, though I cannot distinctly imagine, a book which would make me envy, more keenly than either Miss Royden or Mr. Ellis has made me envy, men who are more spiritually minded than I, which would make me wish I were eligible to their company. In both Miss Royden and Mr. Ellis there is an exaltation which does not put me at my ease.

And so far as possible I should like to be at ease about sex. I should like to have been told, when I was a young man, that for the average young man sex, of all the important objects of emotion and thought, is the one most likely to receive attention in excess, that it is possible to think of sex cleanly, to think of it unselfishly, and yet to think of it too much. I should like to have been told that the right amount of attention, which is not the same for all men, is for each man terribly difficult to measure. I should like to have been told that my preoccupation, which I took to be shameful and unique, was the common lot.

One of the significant divisions of the male human world is into men who think all sex jokes funny, those who think no sex jokes funny, and those who think some sex jokes funny. For the first class no good book upon sex can be written. Good books for the second class are published every year. I wish somebody would send me the title of a sex book good for the third.

P. L.

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Ulysses

Ulysses, by James Joyce. Paris: Shakespeare and Company. 200 fr.

ON the 16th of June, 1904, Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom were both living in Dublin. Both differed from the people about them and walked in isolation among them because each was, according to his capacity, an intellectual adventurer—Dedalus, the poet and philosopher, with a mind full of beautiful images and abstruse speculations and Bloom, the advertisement canvasser, in a more rudimentary fashion. In the evening, Mr. Bloom and Dedalus became involved in the same drunken party and Dedalus was knocked unconscious in a quarrel with a British soldier. Then their kinship was made plain. Bloom felt wistfully that Stephen was all he would have had his own son be and Stephen, who despised his own father—an amiable wastrel—found a sort of spiritual father in this sympathetic Jew, who, mediocre as he was, had at least the dignity of intelligence. Were they not both outlaws to their environment by reason of the fact that they thought and imagined?

Stated in the baldest possible terms, this is the story of Ulysses—an ironic and amusing anecdote without philosophic moral. In describing the novel thus, I have the authority of the author himself, who said to Miss Djuna Barnes, in an interview published in Vanity Fair: "The pity is the public will demand and find a moral in my book—or worse they may take it in some more serious way, and on the honor of a gentleman, there is not one single serious line in it." The thing that makes Ulysses imposing is, in fact, not the theme but the scale upon which it is developed. It has taken Mr. Joyce seven years to write Ulysses and he has done it in seven hundred and thirty pages which are probably the most completely "written" pages to be seen in any novel since Flaubert. Not only is the anecdote expanded to its fullest possible bulk—there is an elaborate account of nearly everything done or thought by Mr. Bloom from morning to night of the day in question—but you have both the "psychological" method and the Flaubertian method of making the style suit the thing described carried several steps further than they have ever been before, so that, whereas in Flaubert you have merely the words and cadences carefully adapted to convey the specific mood or character without any attempt to identify the narrative with the stream of consciousness of the person described, and in Henry James merely the exploration of the stream of consciousness with only one vocabulary and cadence for the whole cast of moods and characters, in Joyce you have not only life from the outside described with Flaubertian virtuosity but also the consciousness of each of the characters and of each of the character's moods made to speak in the idiom proper to it, the language it uses to itself. If Flaubert taught de Maupassant to find the adjective which would distinguish a given hackney-cab from every other hackney-cab in the world, James Joyce has prescribed that one must find the dialect which would distinguish the thoughts of a given Dubliner from those of every other Dubliner. So we have the thoughts of Mr. Bloom presented in a rapid staccato notation continually jetting out in all directions in little ideas within ideas with the flexibility and complexity of an alert and nimble mind; Mrs. Bloom's in a long rhythmic brogue like the swell of some profound sea; Father Conmee's in precise prose, perfectly colorless and orderly; Stephen Dedalus's in a kaleidoscope of bright images and fragments of things remembered from books; and Gerty-Nausicaa's half in school girl colloquialisms and half in the language of the cheap romances which have given their color to her mind. And these voices are used to record all the eddies and stagnancies of thought; though exercising a severe selection which makes the book a technical triumph, Mr. Joyce manages to give the effect of unedited human minds, drifting aimlessly along from one triviality to another, confused and diverted by memory, by sensation and by inhibition. It is, in short, perhaps the most faithful X-ray ever taken of the ordinary human consciousness.

And as a result of this enormous scale and this microscopic fidelity the chief characters in Ulysses take on heroic proportions. Each one is a room, a house, a city in which the reader can move around. The inside of each one of them is a novel in itself. You stand within a world infinitely populated with the swarming life of experience. Stephen Dedalus, in his scornful pride, rears his brow as a sort of Lucifer; poor Bloom, with his generous impulses and his attempts to understand and master life, is the epic symbol of reasoning man, humiliated and ridiculous, yet extricating himself by cunning from the spirits which seek to destroy him; and Mrs. Bloom, with her terrific force of mingled amorous and maternal affection, with her roots in the dirt of the earth and her joyous flowering in beauty, is the gigantic image of the earth itself from which both Dedalus and Bloom have sprung and which sounds a deep foundation to the whole drama like the ground-tone at the beginning of The Rhine-Gold. I cannot agree with Mr. Arnold Bennett that James Joyce "has a colossal 'down' on humanity." I feel that Mr. Bennett has really been shocked because Mr. Joyce has told the whole truth. Fundamentally Ulysses is not at all like Bouvard et Pécuchet (as some people have tried to pretend). Flaubert says in effect that he will prove to you that humanity is mean by enumerating all the ignobilities of which it has ever been capable. But Joyce, including all the ignobilities, makes his bourgeois figures command our sympathy and respect by letting us see in them the throes of the human mind straining always to perpetuate and perfect itself and of the body always laboring and throbbing to throw up some beauty from its darkness.

Nonetheless, there are some valid criticisms to be brought against Ulysses. It seems to me great rather for the things that are in it than for its success as a whole. It is almost as if in distending the story to ten times its natural size he had finally managed to burst it and leave it partially deflated. There must be something wrong with a design which involves so much that is dull—and I doubt whether anyone will defend parts of Ulysses against the charge of extreme dullness. In the first place, it is evidently not enough to have invented three tremendous characters (with any quantity of lesser ones); in order to produce an effective book they must be made to do something interesting. Now in precisely what is the interest of Ulysses supposed to consist? In the spiritual relationship between Dedalus and Bloom? But too little is done with this. When it is finally realized there is one poignant moment, then a vast tract of anticlimax. This single situation in itself could hardly justify the previous presentation of everything else that has happened to Bloom before on the same day. No, the major theme of the book is to be found in its parallel with the Odyssey: Bloom is a sort of modern Ulysses—with Dedalus as

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Telemachus—and the scheme and proportions of the novel must be made to correspond to those of the epic. It is these and not the inherent necessities of the subject which have dictated the size and shape of Ulysses. You have, for example, the events of Mr. Bloom's day narrated at such unconscionable length and the account of Stephen's synchronous adventures confined almost entirely to the first three chapters because it is only the early books of the Odyssey which are concerned with Telemachus and thereafter the first half of the poem is devoted to the wanderings of Ulysses. You must have a Cyclops, a Nausicaa, an Aeolus, a Nestor and some Sirens and your justification for a full-length Penelope is the fact that there is one in the Odyssey. There is, of course, a point in this, because the adventures of Ulysses were fairly typical; they do represent the ordinary man in nearly every common relation. Yet I cannot but feel that Mr. Joyce made a mistake to have the whole plan of his story depend on the structure of the Odyssey rather than on the natural demands of the situation. I feel that though his taste for symbolism is closely allied with his extraordinary poetic faculty for investing particular incidents with universal significance, nevertheless—because it is the homeless symbolism of a Catholic who has renounced the faith—it sometimes overruns the bounds of art into an arid ingenuity which would make a mystic correspondence do duty for an artistic reason. The result is that one sometimes feels as if the brilliant succession of episodes were taking place on the periphery of a wheel which has no hub. The monologue of Mrs. Bloom, for example, tremendous as it is and though in Mrs. Bloom's mental rejection of Blazes Boylan in favor of Stephen Dedalus it contains the greatest moral climax of the story, seems to me to lose dramatic force by hanging loose at the end of the book. What we have is nothing less than the spectacle of the earth tending naturally to give birth to higher forms of life, the supreme vindication of Bloom and Dedalus against the brutality and ignorance which surround them, but after the sterilities and practical jokes of the chapters immediately preceding and the general diversion of interest which the Odyssean structure has involved the episode lacks the definite force which a closer integration would have provided for.

These sterilities and practical jokes form my second theme of complaint. Not content with inventing new idioms to reproduce the minds of his characters, Mr. Joyce has hit upon the idea of pressing literary parody into service to create certain kinds of impressions. It is not so bad when in order to convey the atmosphere of a newspaper office he merely breaks up his chapter with newspaper heads, but when he insists upon describing a drinking party in an interminable series of imitations which progresses through English prose from the style of the Anglo-Soxon chronicles to that of Carlyle one begins to feel uncomfortable. What is wrong is that Mr. Joyce has attempted an impossible genre. You cannot be a realistic novelist in Mr. Joyce's particular vein and write burlesques at the same time. Max Beerbohm's Christmas Garland is successful because Mr. Beerbohm is telling the other man's story in the other man's words but Joyce's parodies are labored and irritating because he is trying to tell his own story in the other man's words. We are not interested in his skill at imitation but in finding out what happens to his characters and the parody interposes a heavy curtain between ourselves and them. Even if it were at all conceivable that this sort of thing could be done successfully, Mr. Joyce would be the last man to do it. He has been praised for being Rabelaisian but he is at the other end of the world from Rabelais. In the first place, he has not the style for it—he can never be reckless enough with words. His style is thin—by which I do not mean that it is not strong but that it is like a thin metallic pipe through which the narrative is run—a pipe of which every joint has been fitted by a master plumber. You cannot inflate such a style or splash it about. Mr. Joyce's native temperament and the method which it has naturally chosen have no room for superabundance or extravagant fancy. It is the method of Flaubert—and of Turgenev and de Maupassant: you set down with the most careful accuracy and the most scrupulous economy of detail exactly what happened to your characters, and merely from the way in which the thing is told—not from any comment of the narrator—the reader draws his ironic inference. In this genre—which has probably brought novel-writing to its highest dignity as an art—Mr. Joyce has long proved himself a master. And in Ulysses most of his finest scenes adhere strictly to this formula. Nothing, for example, could be better in this kind than the way in which the reader is made to find out, without any overt statement of the fact, that Bloom is different from his neighbors, or the scene in which we are made to feel that this difference has become a profound antagonism before it culminates in the open outburst against Bloom of the Cyclops-Sinn Feiner. The trouble is that this last episode is continually being held up by long parodies which break in upon the text like a kind of mocking commentary. It is as if Boule de Suif were padded out with sections from J. C. Squire—or rather from a parodist whose parodies are even more boring than Mr. Squire's. No: surely Mr. Joyce has done ill in attempting to graft burlesque upon realism; he has written some of the most unreadable chapters in the whole history of fiction.—(If it be urged that Joyce's gift for fantasy is attested by the superb drunken scene, I reply that this scene is successful, not because it is reckless nonsense but because it is an accurate record of drunken states of mind. The visions that bemuse Bloom and Dedalus are not like the visions of Alice in Wonderland but merely the repressed fears and desires of these two specific consciousnesses externalized and made visible. What the reader sees is not a new fantastic world with new and more wonderful beings but two perfectly recognizable drunken men in a squalid and dingy brothel no harsh detail of which is allowed to escape by the great realist who describes it.)

Yet, for all its appalling longueurs, Ulysses is a work of high genius. Its importance seems to me to lie, not so much in its opening new doors to knowledge—unless in setting an example to Anglo-Saxon writers of putting down everything without compunction—or in inventing new literary forms—Joyce's formula is really, as I have indicated, nearly seventy-five years old—as in its once more setting the standard of the novel so high that it need not be ashamed to take its place beside poetry and drama. Ulysses has the effect at once of making everything else look brassy. Since I have read it, the texture of other novelists seems intolerably loose and careless; when I come suddenly unawares upon a page that I have written myself I quake like a guilty thing surprised. The only question now is whether Joyce will ever write a tragic masterpiece to set beside this comic one. There is a rumor that he will write no more—that he claims to have nothing left to say—and it is true that there is a paleness about parts

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of his work which suggests a rather limited emotional experience. His imagination is all intensive; he has but little vitality to give away. His minor characters, though carefully differentiated, are sometimes too drily differentiated, insufficiently animated with life, and he sometimes gives the impression of eking out his picture with the data of a too laborious note-taking. At his worst he recalls Flaubert at his worst—in L'Education Sentimentale. But if he repeats Flaubert's vices—as not a few have done—he also repeats his triumphs—which almost nobody has done. Who else has had the supreme devotion and accomplished the definitive beauty? If he has really laid down his pen never to take it up again he must know that the hand which laid it down upon the great affirmative of Mrs. Bloom, though it never write another word, is already the hand of a master. EDMUND WILSON, JR.

Katherine Mansfield

The Garden Party and other Stories, by Katherine Mansfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

IT is necessary to read no more than two or three of Miss Mansfield's stories before discovering that she has great talent. And after reading all of them, including her first volume, Bliss, there is no doubt at all that this talent amounts to the rare thing which for lack of a juster word to express our enthusiasms we call genius, and that her name must be added to that small company of the living—so small that they could all get into one Lexington Avenue car without straphanging—who really have something to say, and can say it uncommonly well.

Miss Mansfield does not write what one usually thinks of as a "short story." She is interested in people, not in plots, in the substance and color of life, and not the chess patterns that can be made with it. There is only one story of hers (in Bliss) that unwinds to a too dexterous end. It is of a shy young art-student in Paris who to make the acquaintance of a French girl follows her as she goes about marketing, follows her to her door, where, holding out an egg, he says: "Mademoiselle, you dropped this." But this is almost the only case in which she manoeuvres her story to the edge of an unsuspected cliff. For the most part she is trying to reproduce the feelings that a certain kind of person has in a certain—and usually a very slight—situation, the moods that pass over people in one day, or the small fraction of a day. In this she is admirably successful. She has an extraordinary ability to give you in a story a total effect of beauty without using phrases any one of which stands out, and without letting you know how she has done it.

All the more difficult is her art because it deals with what on the face of them are such trifles, with passing joys, old sadnesses suddenly unburied, the particular feeling of a time of day, the brief moods that chase each other across human souls like small shadows across the water. She is a connoisseur of the ripples that mean so much more than waves, a collector of little emotions caught on the wing, never pinned or bottled in her pages, but kept alive there in all their fragile iridescent colors.

The Stories in The Garden Party are more about the moods and emotions than about the people she chooses to have feel them, and a reader will remember those moods longer than the characters they for a moment possessed. In The Voyage a little girl travels for one night only on a steamer, and nothing in particular happens to her, nor is she at all a memorable little girl. But one will not easily forget the sad, transparent beauty of those few hours, into which Miss Mansfield has packed the half-melancholy, half-exciting strangeness that everyone has felt when very young and going to a new place. What it is like to go to your first ball, or to be alone and defeated and voiceless in a gray world (Life of Ma Parker), or to meet your wife on the pier and feel a perfectly explicable but senseless barrier before your affection (The Stranger), or the feelings of a family toward each other and by themselves in a country house on a bay—these are Miss Mansfield's subjects. And when you are through you realize that her subject is, after all, not the thing as so many of us recreate and re-imagine it, but life itself.

Perhaps the clearest example of Miss Mansfield's ability to give you the taste of life is the story which gives its title to her latest collection. A large family is giving a garden party. The air is full of a happy bustle. Suddenly one of the daughters learns that a man has been killed nearby. The words of horror, pity, and happiness that alternate and blend on that one day for her is as delicately fine a picture of poignant emotion as is to be found anywhere today.

Of course Miss Mansfield has been compared to Tchehov. There is a story of his, The Party, with much the same situation as Miss Mansfield's The Garden Party; and like it, a story of surcharged fickle emotional weather. There are superficial resemblances, but also essential differences. Tchehov's characters have a solidity and personality of their own lacking in Miss Mansfield's, who are of themselves not nearly so interesting nor seen in so many dimensions. And she does not share Tchehov's greatest secret, which was in the strangely anonymous reality of what he wrote, his way of taking you on journeys with no end and no beginning, with no air of knowing himself what was going to happen, his way of saying, "Here are some interesting looking people; let's see where they go and what they say." Life passed through him; he translated, but did not rearrange it. He planted seeds in a rich soil, and with the reader watched them grow. By comparison with the Tchehov of My Life or The Ravine Miss Mansfield's art seems a little conscious, a little watchful, a little thin. ROBERT LITTELL.

Peace and Bread

Peace and Bread in Time of War, by Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

PEACE and Bread is the personal account of the experience of a pacifist in time of war. On the first page is recorded the instant surprise and horror which swept the country at the news of the outbreak of the great war in Europe. For the pacifists marching in protest up Fifth Avenue it was "roses, roses all the way." Then follows the account of the gradual rise of war feeling in the country and the discrediting of the pacifist position. Miss Addams was at the very centre of the group of internationalists who strove to find a way out of the bloody impasse. She records her visits to responsible ministers of the warring nations in 1915, when "each one said that his country would be ready to stop the war immediately if some honorable method of securing peace were provided; each one disclaimed responsibility for the continuance of the war; each one predicted European bankruptcy if the

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war were prolonged, and each one grew pale and distressed as he spoke of the loss of his gallant young countrymen." With such encouragement in Europe it is not to be wondered at that the pacifist international effort continued in successive conferences, or that even so fantastic a gesture as the Ford Peace Ship seemed to promise release. The conception of the task laid upon the United States held by President Wilson was precisely that of the pacifist—"the discovery of an adequate moral basis for a new relationship between nations." His peace note in December, 1916, and his speech to the Senate in January, 1917, outlined a durable peace along the lines which the internationalists had been discussing. Then came the great deception. The nearer the pacifists and the President came to realizing their aims, the stronger became the urgency of those who wanted war at any price. Miss Addams notes with an astonishment which we all now share: "They seemed actually to believe that 'a war free from any taint of self-seeking could secure the triumph of democracy and internationalize the world.'" The President yielded. Miss Addams records this tragedy of the human will, without bitterness. Only very mildly she expresses a doubt "whether any man had the right to rate moral leadership so high that he could consider the sacrifice of the lives of thousands of his young countrymen a necessity."

The rest of the book is a portrayal of the effort of the pacifist to be of service to his country engaged in a war of which his conscience disapproved. As soon as the United States entered the war the pacifist became a visible symbol of the enemy to those of his fellow countrymen whom age or temperament kept from the actual theatre of hostilities. But open persecution was not the essential tragedy of the pacifist. That was in the loss of "the comradeship experienced by our fellow citizens during the war," and "the enchantment given to human emotion when it is shared by millions of others." It was these impulses that led Miss Addams from Peace to Bread. If the first was not at once attainable the second must be found. "There was something as primitive and real about feeding the helpless as there was about the fighting." It was in this service that Miss Addams joined the force of the Food Administration, speaking throughout the United States in the interest of food conservation as a means of aiding the world and visiting the countries of Europe on missions of relief. It is characteristic of the book that it does not mention what to the author must have been the second great deception on the part of the powers that were—the denial of bread after the armistice to starving Germany and Russia, and the use of it for political purposes in Hungary.

This attitude of reasonableness, of moderation, of charity that thinketh no evil is the quality which makes Peace and Bread a strong and persuasive statement. The substance is reflected in its tone. One would like to think that it was from her association with the historical pacifists that Miss Addams had gained a Quaker-like gentleness, forthrightness and simplicity of utterance, but then one remembers that she always wrote that way. In this respect her record of the pacifist experience is superior to Clerambault. It is more natural and human, and though largely autobiographical it is less self-conscious and more typical. It is a personal apologia, but it is more than this. It is a confession of faith manifested by works and a witness to truth borne out by experience in which all who have shared that faith and been justified by that truth will be proud to associate themselves.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Children's Rights

Nutrition and Growth in Children, by William R. P. Emerson, M. D. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

Health Education and the Nutrition Class, a report of the Bureau of Educational Experiments, by Jean Lee Hunt, Buford J. Johnson, Ph. D., and Edith M. Lincoln, M. D. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

The Healthy Child from Two to Seven, Francis Hamilton Maccarthy, M. D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The Child and His School, by Gertrude Hartman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

The Child and the Home, by Benzion Liber, M. D. New York: Rational Living. $2.50.

Child Versus Parent, the Irrepressible Conflict, by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

IT is not quite a century since De Tocqueville remarked that so irresistible was the force of democracy in domestic relations that he had even known some of its eager opponents "who allowed their children to address them with perfect colloquial equality." "I know not," he continues doubtfully, "whether society loses by the change, but I am inclined to believe that man individually is the gainer by it."

We have done little in democratic America to test the validity of this cautious assertion. Democracy apparently begins anywhere but at home, where too many parents still constitute themselves supreme monarchs, exacting homage by divine commandment. Here and there are signs of a new order—as witness the rapidly multiplying books on the subject. Children are being increasingly conceded a whole host of rights: the right to be well born, to be kept well after being born, and what is most difficult of all, to be regarded and respected as individuals.

The right to physical wellbeing seems to be already won perhaps when we contemplate the encouraging cuts in the infant mortality rate, the recognition of the principle of federal and state instruction of mothers, the remarkable growth of the school hygiene movement and the growing corps of school doctors and visiting nurses with their accessory school dispensaries, open air classes, dental clinics, school lunches and the like.

These measures, however, seem barely to have scratched the surface. Recently published figures indicate that one child out of every three or four throughout the country is suffering from malnutrition, and this condition obtains in all classes of society, among the so-called "better classes" as well as among poorer and immigrant groups. To Dr. William R. P. Emerson of Boston must be given the major credit for focusing national attention upon this appalling problem. It was he who first recognized that a child underweight for his height is a sick child. Since 1908 he has been working out a technique of treatment now widely known as the nutrition class, supplemented by the nutrition clinic. This technique Dr. Emerson has now thoroughly described in popular handbook form for the use of pediatrists and child specialists. The five factors fundamental to the success of his program are adequate home control, proper food habits and health habits, the removal of physic ical defects, particularly obstructions to breathing and the prevention of over fatigue. The results, Dr. Emerson sanguinely asserts, demonstrate "that with intelligent planning, malnutrition can be eliminated from any community."

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It would be well, however, before entirely accepting Dr. Emerson's optimistic conclusions to read through the carefully worked over report of a series of nutrition classes organized by the Bureau of Educational Experiments from 1918 to 1921 in Public School 64 in New York City, with the initial one with which Dr. Emerson was for a time associated. The Bureau was primarily interested in determining how far a nutrition class would reinforce the school general health education program for all children, rather than in merely developing special provisions for children needing particular care.

Before any final conclusions can be drawn, the Bureau suggests, a broad program of scientific research, community enlightenment and school adjustment must be carried out. We do not yet know enough, for example, about the phenomenon of "seasonal growth"—still a matter of controversy—nor about the relation of height increase to vitality and nutritional condition, nor about the percentage of underweight at differing age periods, or in different racial stocks. The chapters on a program of research and an educational program are stimulating and suggestive, as are also the sections on mental measurements, which show interestingly that in mental ability, undernourished children are equal if not superior, to normal children.

While the school is selected by the Bureau of Educational Experiments as the most effective agency for supplying the chief provisions essential to the success of an educational health program, Dr. Maccarthy believes that fundamental work in proper child care and nurture must be done in the pre-school years. His handbook, The Healthy Child from Two to Seven, is a practical, non-technical guide for parents and child welfare workers and contains the kind of information now being made widely available through the excellent publications on infant care of the federal Children's Bureau.

The health aspect of education, while all important, is of course not all-inclusive. Miss Hartman of the Bureau of Educational Experiments points out in her useful source book, The Child and His School, that "educationally speaking, we seem to be between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born. There are numerous signs indicating that the old educational order is passing; there are vital tendencies everywhere showing the newer trend of the times; but as yet there is no new education in definite existence." "Current educational practice is still dominated by psychological assumptions which the new developments of psychology have shown to be untenable, and by sociological implications which are survivals from a social situation no longer existing." These newer tendencies and principles are outlined by Miss Hartman, who has also incorporated in her text pertinent selections from modern educational material—the major part of which not unnaturally must be credited to John Dewey. The book is unfortunately without an index, but it offers a useful classified bibliography of some 850 titles of illustrative material having sociological significance and intended to supply information "so that it will enter functionally into experience." It is a pity that much valuable matter should be buried beneath so much pedagogic verbiage. The book as it stands is a valuable guide to teachers and others inured to getting needed information via the road of excessive tedium, but scarcely attractive to laymen.

That apparently is the trouble. The pedagogues are in one camp with their theories and abstractions, and the parents are in another with their rule of thumb methods and ill regulated instincts. If our progressive schools are still a transition and a compromise, what shall be said of our progressive homes? To read Dr. Liber's indictment of parenthood is seriously to doubt whether any progressive homes exist. "It is easy," he says, "for radicals to speak about liberty, but the real test of their love of liberty is in their relations with children." His book is almost a rehearsal of atrocities showing how lamentably parents fail in the test. There are a few constructive suggestions which stand out from the mass of bombast and violent assaults which fill his pages: "Parents generally love their progeny, but do not respect them". . . "Coercion is coercion, no matter in what suave manner it is practised". . . "Assist a child only when requested by him to do so". . . "If you find you have been unjust, have the courage to admit it to the child and ask his pardon". . . All this is sound advice, sounder than Upton Sinclair's inhuman method, described by him in the preface, of teaching his child to avoid an open fire-place, by deliberately burning its fingers with a match.

Rabbi Wise is also concerned with the problem of freedom for children in his discussion of the "irrepressible conflict" that too often arises as young people approach maturity. His remedy lies not in the break-up of the family as an institution, but in a fuller measure of mutual understanding and respect between the two generations. It is not enough that children should honor their parents; parents must be worthy of honor, and should in turn honor their sons and daughters. It is not enough that parents provide good physical care; they must learn to live with their children, to become their companions, not in a perfunctory, but in a real sense. A new conception of the home is needed. "For many centuries, it has been a world or realm wherein parents filled a number of roles or parts, —chief among these, regents on thrones, dispensers of bounty, teachers of the infant mind. Any survey of the home today that surveys more than surface things must take into account one other figure,—the figure of a child. And the child not as the subject of the parental regent, however wise, nor yet as the unquestioning pupil of the parent tutor, however infallible . . . The child must be neither a manageable nor an unmanageable thing but a person bent upon self-direction and self-determination through the arts of self-discipline."

AGNES DE LIMA.

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